

The
AMERICAN GIRL

May
1950 · 20¢



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The AMERICAN GIRL

FOR ALL GIRLS—PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY GIRL SCOUTS OF THE U.S.A.

CONTENTS for MAY, 1950

FICTION

| | | |
|-----------------------------|-------------------------|----|
| The Heart Is in Danger..... | Marjorie Yourd Hill | 5 |
| Pigeons in the Sky..... | Kathleen Sproul | 8 |
| Daystar, Part III..... | Amelia Elizabeth Walden | 12 |

ARTICLES

| | | |
|--|--------------------|----|
| Right—From the Start..... | Ruth A. Buchbinder | 10 |
| Your Own Recipe Exchange (Puddings)..... | Judith Miller | 15 |
| Adventure on Wheels..... | Godfrey Frankel | 16 |

FASHION AND GOOD LOOKS

| | | |
|---------------------------------|---------------|----|
| Spring Goes to Your Head..... | Carol Douglas | 14 |
| Prize Purchase..... | | 18 |
| Convertibles..... | | 19 |
| Cool and Casual (Patterns)..... | | 22 |
| Teen Shop Talk..... | Jonni Burke | 24 |

FEATURES

| | | |
|---|---------------------|----|
| Books..... | Marjorie Cima | 30 |
| August Recipe Exchange Announcement..... | | 32 |
| Speaking of Movies..... | Bertha Jancke Lueck | 34 |
| Don't Be a Babe in the Woods..... | Catharine C. Reiley | 40 |
| All Over the Map..... | | 42 |
| A Penny for Your Thoughts..... | | 44 |
| Turntable Tips..... | Carl Bosler | 47 |
| Cover Artist—Jane Miller..... | | 48 |
| Typical American Girl Painting Contest..... | | 48 |
| Jokes..... | | 49 |
| In Step With the Times..... | Lloyd Weldon | 50 |

Cover painting by Jane Miller

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SUBSCRIPTION PRICES: \$2.00 for one year, \$3.00 for two years. Foreign and Canadian, \$.60 extra a year for postage, \$1.20 for two years. Remit by money orders for foreign or Canadian subscriptions.

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ADVERTISING REPRESENTATIVES: Dwight H. Early, 100 North La Salle Street, Chicago 2, Illinois; The Richard Ruliton Company, Monadnock Building, San Francisco 5, California

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY GIRL SCOUTS OF THE U.S.A.
 155 East 44th Street, New York 17, New York

VOLUME XXXIII

Member Audit Bureau of Circulations

NUMBER 5



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 by

Bonnie Blair

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I PACK A SUITCASE THAT PACKS A PUNCH!



1. Family confab—where do we vacation this summer? I vote for the Lake (I've just met a neat boy who'll be there) and for once I *win!* "But it's expensive," says Dad. "We'll have to go easy on the extras." Ouch! And me with nothing but beat-up, last summer's rags.



2. Oh, for a suitcaseful of swoony clothes! I spill the sad story to a girl in my art class. (Her dresses always look like Paris) "When I get rich," I mourn, "I'm going to buy a dress factory." She says "You don't have to buy one, you can *be* one—come with me!"



3. "You're about to discover the SINGER SEWING CENTER," she announces. "They taught me to *make* my clothes—and you can learn too! They have a wonderful course—\$8 for 8 lessons—if you take it now, your summer worries are over!" It sounds terrific, but *me* sewing?

4. First thing I know I'm signed up for the course. (It actually makes sewing *easy*, even for a beginner like me. Amazing!) I learn to cut, stitch, style and finish—make a heavenly dress while I'm at it. And with the lessons, I have enough know-how to make other things—just-right-for-the-lake cottons—for pennies. With my new glamour clothes *and* my new beau (he's really got that love-light in his eye), vacation turns out to be just one big, beautiful whirl!

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The heart is in danger

by MARJORIE YOURE HILL

Illustrated by John Ferrelle

Kappy was slow to learn that to be safe does not necessarily mean to be happy

LAND AND SEA sparkled with the brightness of an August Sunday. But Kappy gazed with an aching heart beyond the flowers and the white picket fence of her mother's hillside garden by the sea. As she stared at the blue horizon, a tear fell on the white rose in her hand.

On a day like this, who could believe what the ocean was like in winter? Yet Kappy knew all too well that it was cruel and destructive, a monster with treacherous power that took many lives each year.

Why did men go on fishing, she wondered? If Father had given it up and had gone into the factory at Bedford, as Mother had urged years ago, he'd be here now. Kappy wouldn't be crying into a memorial bouquet. They'd be together, and safe. And happy?

She pondered that as she searched for the most

perfect stalk of larkspur. The blue, she thought irrelevantly, was just the shade of Soren's eyes. She pushed the disturbing thought aside, and carefully cut some pink and some white phlox. She must include a few daisies, too, and babies'-breath for airiness.

Somehow, she couldn't imagine her father, with his vigorous outdoor look and farseeing eyes, pent up in a smelly room full of clattering machinery. Punching a time clock. Going back and forth like an automaton. No. Loving the freedom and challenge and variety of the seagoing life, he would have been only half a man shut up in Bedford. But that was better than nothing, wasn't it?

For months the same thoughts had troubled her time and again—ever since the Sally Ann III hadn't come back to port. The Tideland village fleet had set

out for the Grand Banks together, but two of the boats had not returned after a terrible winter storm. Seven men had been lost. It was for them this year that the flowers would float out on the ebb tide at Tideland's annual memorial service.

The Millers and the Costellos would be there, too, and Soren Sorenson with his mother, whom he called *Mor* in the Norwegian way. Fingar, Soren's older brother, as well as his father, was gone. All the other villagers, those who had lost members of their families in the past as well as those who were still spared, would be there. The summer visitors, too, would throng the bridge for the quaint, touching ceremony.

Kappy took her bouquet indoors and found her mother ready in her best black sheer and black straw hat. Starched and clean, eleven-year-old Eleanor and seven-year-old Robert waited solemnly on straight-back dining-room chairs. None of their usual scuffling and chatter today. Even Cinders, Eleanor's eight-months-old cocker pup, was subdued. He lay with his nose between his paws, looking up at them wistfully. He wanted to come along, when they were ready to leave, but Eleanor shut him firmly behind the white picket gate.

The four of them walked down their steep narrow street to Main, which ran along the waterfront. Dozens of masts and sails stuck up behind the piers, lined with low weather-beaten buildings. Piles of lobster pots stood beside them. Cod hung drying in the sun. Pervading all was the unique tang of the sea and the pure, light, sparkling air.

THEY MET sober men, women, and children, pouring down other steep side streets, until they were almost a parade as they approached the concrete bridge, with its bronze plaque, and the statue of the fisherman in his sou'wester looking out to sea from the greensward near by.

Mother nodded to friends. Kappy kept her eyes on the bouquet she held.

"God dag," Mrs. Sorenson greeted them. Kappy looked more closely at her flowers, for she knew that Soren would be beside her.

"Good day," Mother answered.

They went on, to the bank of the tidal stream. Those with bouquets stood closest; the spectators, back of them. From the middle of the bridge the minister raised his hand, and all the heads were bowed.

When Kappy looked up, she found a pair of larkspur-blue eyes probing hers. Soren looked more than ever like a young viking, but his questioning gaze so distressed Kappy that she dropped her eyelids and watched the submerged rocks cut the water to white shreds in the outward rush of the rip tide.

Time was when Kappy had been proud to have Soren notice her—knowing he was the strongest, handsomest, kindest boy in Tideland. She had been thrilled to go to dances with him last summer and fall.

But all that was finished now—had been since last March. It was dangerous to let herself like any boy, certainly one such as Soren, who was determined to carry on the fishing business of his father and brother.

It was foolhardy to let her heart become involved. Kappy didn't want her life to be like that of the women around her—like Mother's, for instance. The anxiety . . . the hours of waiting for the boats to come in . . . the anguish of wind and storm . . . the toll that tension and worry took.

She had a summer job in the library and next year, when she graduated, she planned to work there full time. The library job was safe. Kappy told people—and believed it herself—that she had taken it to help out the family finances. Underneath was a deeper truth. She was hiding herself so that life could not hurt her any more.

Miss Prosser, the librarian, was delighted to have such an eager, conscientious assistant. As she talked over Kappy's future with her, Miss Prosser's pale hazel eyes brimmed with emotion.

"It's a career which offers security, Katherine dear," she told the intent girl. "If you work here a few years and save something to enable you to take a course at Boston, you'll be qualified to take over the full librarianship when I retire."

That sounded fine to Kappy. But still, Soren's warm blue glance was unsettling. Impatiently she flicked a reddish-brown ant off a velvet rose petal, wishing she could flick away other disturbances as easily.

But with the ant, three rose petals fell at her feet in a little heap. She had ruined loveliness.

Softly the band began a dirge, and one by one the names of the missing men were sonorously called off from a scroll. There was a pause after each name, and those who had bouquets for that man threw them in the tidal stream.

When Father's name was read, Mother waved aside the flowers Kappy extended. So Kappy tossed them in, closing her eyes and swaying slightly as she did so. She opened them to see her mother tear off the single white rose she wore on her shoulder and fling it with a queenly gesture after the others. Her face was serene, even radiant.

"How," Kappy asked herself desperately, "can she look so calm and accepting? I know how much she loved my father. And yet, she isn't all torn up inside as I am."

Wonderingly, she looked at the other widows' faces, and on them she saw traces of that same look. They said fisher-folk were of a stoic breed, but Kappy knew herself to be made differently. Perhaps she was more sensitive.

While the music played, they watched the gay, pathetic fleet of flowers sail away to unknown resting places. Pink and yellow and white and lavender on the blue-green water.

Then the crowd broke up and started home with brisker feet. They were talking and even laughing now.

A hand touched Kappy's arm. She turned and saw Soren smiling beside her, his eyes shyly eager. Their families drifted away in the throng.

"Hello, Kappy. It's been a long time since we've done anything together. How about a drive tonight? It's too nice not to do something."

Her heart was squeezed with fear. "No—no, Soren," she said tautly. "I'm sorry, but I can't. I promised Miss Prosser I'd copy some more of the new card catalogue. I can't do it in regular weekday hours when people come in and out."

He looked at her as if he suspected she didn't really have to do that catalogue work; that it was only an excuse.

She tried to smile convincingly, but her lips quivered uncontrollably at the corners. His (Continued on page 37)

"You can't shut yourself away from everything forever, can you?"







Pigeons in the sky

AT THE SOUND of voices in the corridor, Lynn drew back into the protective shadow of the lockers. She couldn't face anyone, talk to anyone, now. The effort not to burst into tears in the clubroom had taken all the determination she had. As the girls came nearer, Lynn recognized their voices.

"I think Lynn Marcey was right," Ruth Phelps was saying.

"Oh, you always think she's right. Why don't you have a mind of your own, Ruthie?" As usual Caroline Atwood's high-pitched voice held a suggestion of mockery.

Lynn cowered farther into the shadow as the girls passed, heading for the basement door that opened on Twelfth Street.

"But the thing's got to be settled somehow," Ruth protested. "We can't leave it in a deadlock like this."

She seemed troubled in an ineffectual sort of way. Ruth was always mild, Lynn thought; you couldn't count on her for any fight. Caroline's laugh drifted back through the hall.

"Maybe that would be fun! I don't know why everything has to be settled. Maybe this will be the fight to end all fights."

The big door opened and banged shut. The corridor was silent, empty—and suddenly Lynn felt that it was unfriendly, too, in a way she had never dreamed anything connected with her beloved school could be.

Slowly she emerged from the corner, finished stowing her books in the locker, and threw her tan jacket over her shoulders. She knew her face must be flushed, her nose shiny, and her hair mussed after that hour-long argument, but she didn't care. She waited a few minutes longer to be sure that Ruth and Caro would be out of sight when she went outside.

The tower clock was striking five as she came out into the bright afternoon. Usually it was fun to make the surprising change from the dark basement corridor to the sunny outdoors. Today, though she noticed that the sky was a clear spring blue and the setting sun was streaking the pavement with gold where it hit windows and windshields, the sight gave her no pleasure.

How could people be like that? she thought miserably as she crossed Twelfth Street in the direction of Washington Square. It had all seemed so simple when the meeting started. She, as program chairman of the Girls' Club made up of juniors and seniors, was to make the recommendation about the spring dance. Miss Taylor, the faculty adviser, had given her the idea, and Lynn had thought it a wonderful suggestion. The school had fallen down on its quota for the Overseas Children's Fund, and Miss Taylor had said she thought every school function from then on should try to work out a contribution to lift the total. So Lynn had been full of confidence when Judy, the club president, had called on her to speak.

"You know," she had begun and everyone had listened, "how we've fallen down on the O.C.F. I think we could help a lot if we had just records instead of an orchestra for the dance this year and put all the proceeds from the tickets into the fund. That would make other clubs want to live up to us and—why, in no time, I bet we'd fill the quota."

Silence held a minute longer. Then the babble started, and Judy had to pound the table to get order. Caro Atwood was on her feet first.

"A dance with records isn't *anything* at all," she protested. "I think memories of good times at school are terribly important, and what little we'd make for the fund wouldn't matter anyway. Besides"—the little sneer came into her voice—"I'm sick of the subject of those *starving* overseas children. I should think by now they'd be getting along okay. Didn't you read about the good crops they had this summer in Europe?"

None of the girls was too fond of Caro, Lynn knew. But when she talked that way many would listen, because they considered her sophisticated. The buzz broke

Could Lynn induce the warring students to follow the pattern of the pigeons' flight?

Lynn drew back into the shadows.
The voices were discussing her

out again. Then Hallie Cousins rose and asked for the floor. "Perhaps we shouldn't have the dance at all. Maybe we should give the money straight to the fund. We can always have parties at home."

"You can, Hallie," Vera Goode, Caro's shadow, cut in curtly. "You've got a big apartment and your family likes that sort of thing. Some of the rest of us aren't so lucky."

Caro stared insolently at Hallie, who sat down abruptly. Lynn felt sorry for her. Though Caro hadn't said anything, her look meant that once more, as she always loved to do, she was deriding Hallie because her father was a rich man.

Somehow everything split into a hundred pieces after that, and the fight was on. Poor Judy did her best to maintain order, but no one paid much attention. It was as if Vera's thrust at Hallie had opened up all the little enmities that the girls usually kept under cover.

Lynn watched and listened. She even tried to get a few words in, but everyone was talking so loudly that no one heard anyone. And then she couldn't speak because she felt sick. She'd never known that head-on clashes like this could happen—not among girls who knew one another well and who were really fond of one another. It was the first time she'd ever experienced an extensive quarrel which, at its peak, seemed to have nothing to do with the issue that had started it. That was when the tears had wanted to come.

But finally Judy cried, "Oh, what's the use!" She said something about calling a special meeting in a day or two and ended the session.

If a group of friends and classmates can behave like that over a dance, no wonder there are wars, Lynn reflected miserably as she crossed the Square.

OUT OF habit, she looked up as she passed the statue of Washington on his horse. Usually she smiled at it, thinking, Hi, Father-of-our-country-George! Had a nice ride today? But this afternoon it was only a mass of stone. She was about to look away again, but just at that moment a flight of pigeons skimmed across the sky. The swift motion caught her eyes. At the same time she saw another flock of birds coming from the opposite direction—and flying just as fast.

Fascinated, she stood still and watched, her head tilted back. Here it was again, the head-on clash. For, as she looked, it seemed nothing in the world could keep those two opposing lines from crashing against each other.

And then—in a swoop of quick, effortless beauty that left her breathless—the two lines curved into one flight, and off the pigeons went toward Fifth Avenue, as smoothly and companionably as if this joining over Washington Square had been planned since the beginning of time.

Long after the pigeons had become mere specks, Lynn still stared into the sky. When at last she lowered her head to its normal position, she found, with surprise, that her neck was stiff. While she rubbed it with her free hand, her thoughts raced ahead.

She set off for home almost at a run. Somehow, those two quarreling groups at school must be made to come together as the pigeons had! Tomorrow she'd get Judy to call a meeting. She would tell them about the birds, and she'd make them see the sweeping curve that was so beautiful because every bird had co-operated to make it so. If Caro wanted to fly on her own, they'd just have to let her go her own way for a bit; but if each side made concessions, maybe Caro'd get lonely and come back to join the flock.

Perhaps she was being too hard on Caro, Lynn thought, as she crossed Fifth Avenue. One thing (*Continued on page 33*)

by KATHLEEN SPROUL
Illustrated by Sylvia Haggander





Right - From the

AT LAST you're ready to be a working gal! You're on your way to look for your first summer or regular part-time job. You've left your teachers in the classrooms and your parents on the doorstep. In this new world you want to step into, you're not "Mrs. Jones' little girl, Suzie," or "That pretty little thing in Miss Smith's class." You're just plain Suzie Jones who had better be good—or else.

Before you start battering down the doors of employment offices, give yourself this quiz—in strict privacy—and be sure you get honest answers:

1. Are you sure you're ready for a job?
2. Have you made up your mind to stick to one if you get it?
3. Are you prepared to work like an eager beaver after you get one?

If you can truthfully nod your head up and down to all of these, you're ready to go.

Now and then temptation may beckon in the guise of a friend asking you to "play hooky" and go to a movie. Or, if you had a big date the night before, maybe your parents will suggest you take the day off to rest up. The sixty-four-dollar question is: Will you jump at the bait or will your upper lip stiffen to say no?

And, should you feel any pangs of self-pity at All You Are Giving Up, save your tears. Doing the right thing, in the right way, at the right time, gives you a most satisfying feeling—when you are working at a vacation or after-school job as well as when you're embarking on a

lifetime business or professional career.

In school, when you answer a question that stumps the other experts in the class, you know the sense of satisfaction you get as your teacher beams approvingly and the admiring eyes of your classmates are upon you. In that moment all the boning you've done and movies you had to miss seem worth while.

The same thrill can be yours when you're getting set to be a wage earner. There's the wonderful moment when you hear the words, "You can start work tomorrow, Miss Jones," and then later, "You're doing a very fine job, Miss Jones; your next pay check will be five dollars more per week."

But how do you make a start toward getting your first job? How do you get over that big hurdle between no job and a job? Well, you don't have to feel utterly confused and helpless about the situation. From the moment you decide you're ready for a job there is a *right way* to go about looking for it, getting it, keeping it, and advancing in it.

Although in most cases you will probably apply for a job in person, there may be times when you will apply by letter. An incident occurred at our office recently which is a horrible example of what *not* to do. We received a penny postcard which I suppose was written in English but could have been Sanskrit, the handwriting was so bad. Ink was smudged in various spots. That writer got no reply from us. We couldn't even make out the name!

A letter of application should, first of all, be typed on plain white business stationery. The standard 8½" x 11" size is best. Your typing should be letter perfect and attractively spaced. If you can't beg or borrow a typewriter, be sure your handwriting is neat and legible.

In a forthright manner, tell what job you are applying for and why you think you can fill it. Give your vital statistics such as age, height, and weight. Tell what school you attended, how far you've gone in school, and your major subjects. If you're an honor student, say so. Obviously, your name, address, and telephone number should be included. If you forget these—forget the whole thing!

If your letter has both eye appeal and enough substance to engage the employer's interest, the next hurdle is the interview.

The other day a girl came into our office applying for work. Her feet dragged as though attached to a ball and chain. My desk supported her as she yawned her way through our brief conversation. If you think she got the job—you're wrong. Our company doesn't like to pay people for sleeping on the premises.

But let us be charitable. Let's say this girl was really a terrific worker, efficient and full of energy. Maybe she just had had a bad night. The point is, however, that the person to whom you apply for a job will not be able to spend several weeks getting to know you. The total impression of your appearance and manner must be favorable enough, quickly enough, to earn you more time for a thorough discussion.

Your appearance is the first important consideration when you are job hunting. People see you before they hear you. If your mother said you had to wear blue jeans to the school prom, I bet you'd be furious! Naturally, when you go to a party you want to dress in appropriate fashion. Just so when you go to a place of business. Business fashion calls for a neat, trim, uncluttered look—suits or simple dresses; medium-heeled, daytime shoes; tailored bag and gloves; and a hat that doesn't make the prospective employer feel that he should get up and water it! The important thing is to have him concentrate on you—not on your clothes.

HAVING seen you, looking well-groomed in your nonfrilly attire, he is about to focus his camera eye upon you to get a clear mental picture of the kind of person you are.

This is the time for you to relax. Not fall apart, you understand, just relax. After the customary greeting, give the interviewer a chance to tell you what he wants to know about you.

You need not be afraid to talk and you need not be afraid not to. Answer questions straightforwardly, giving all the necessary information, but stick to the point. For instance, if the interviewer asks about your extracurricular activities, tell about them briefly; don't go into a long, involved account of how and why and when and where. When you've answered a question, stop. Time is valuable in a busy office.

Of course, there is information about the job which you should know. If the

Start

by
RUTH A. BUCHBINDER

Drawings by Sylvia Haggander



Your first interview for that longed-for job offers a real challenge. Be sure to have your "best foot forward"

interviewer doesn't volunteer it, feel free to ask. Understanding what the job entails is the only way to decide intelligently whether you can do it and whether you want to.

Just as you let the interviewer begin the conversation, let him end it. Some prospective employers notify you of their decision by letter; others tell you immediately whether the job is yours. If the issue is in doubt when you're ready to leave, it is perfectly correct to ask if the interviewer feels your qualifications are suitable.

"The job is yours"—these four words are dear to the heart of the job seeker. Of your own free will you have elected to pool your interest, talents, and energies with the people for whom and with whom you will work. They have a claim upon your loyalty as you have upon theirs.

Nobody is so justly resented as a person who voluntarily joins a group and then is "agin" everything. You may have met persons like that. The old admonition "Put up or shut up" is for just such characters. Constructive criticism, given with tact and in moderate doses, is appreciated by most reasonable people—and most people are reasonable. But the "knockers" of the world generally wind up where they belong—on the outside of the door, knocking.

When you take a job, a portion of the company is entrusted to your safekeeping for as long as you are willing and able to protect the trust.

The company for which you work

places at your disposal all necessary equipment for you to do your job—for as long as you use it properly. Business equipment is expensive and often delicate. At the end of each day it should be left in the same condition in which you found it in the morning.

Phones are provided, but not for social chats with friends. Every personal call you make or get means that the telephone line you are using and your employer is paying for is out of circulation for legitimate business calls. You may be holding up or preventing a call that is truly vital to the success of the organization. You are also disturbing your coworkers with your personal conversation.

Sometimes people get mixed up about what belongs to them and what belongs to the company. There shouldn't be any confusion about this. Nothing belongs to you that you haven't bought, or that is not an outright gift.

Another requirement of the job is good behavior. "Good behavior" in business is a mixture of intelligence, courtesy, discretion, and poise. An office is primarily a place for work—not the scene of a social gathering—though co-operation and friendliness with your coworkers can make the conduct of business affairs much more pleasant.

Whatever job you are hired to per-



form, you are first, last, and always—a lady. Never try to hide it.

Discretion is a "must," wherever you may work. Affairs of your company, your coworkers, and your boss should not be a topic for gossip, either within or outside the office. You need never regret what you have never said.

The first few weeks on your new job are the hardest. Because you are new and unfamiliar with the work, you'll think the other people around you are geniuses for (Continued on page 46)



Gail saw red. "Clutch for clutch, claw for claw, I'd bet on you any time, Lisbeth!"

PART THREE

GAIL LOOKED UP from the proof she was reading in the office of the Chatterbox on the Tuesday before Thanksgiving.

"Look at the time!" she exclaimed. "You run along, Connie. I'll finish that paste-up when I've read these galleys."

"If I hadn't promised to help Mom this afternoon, I wouldn't think of walking out like this," Connie demurred.

Gail waved her away. "Don't give it a thought. I'm not in any hurry," she said, and went on with her reading.

"It's still snowing," Connie said, as she tied her scarf snugly over her ears. "Hope you get your car out all right." Calling back a gay *a rivederci* she ran down the stairs.

Gail worked steadily until the pile of proof and the neat paste-up lay ready for the printer. Then she rose and stretched, casting a tall, thin shadow on the yellow wall. Nothing's so silent as an empty school building, she thought, with a shiver.

Snow was piling up on the window sill. It was a pretty heavy storm for November, and the weather reports predicted more snow for Thanksgiving. Ordinarily she loved snow, but today it set up a

nagging nervousness in her mind. It would take just one average-sized New England blizzard to turn the opening of Daystar into a complete flop. Well, she'd better be getting home before the storm grew worse.

She went downstairs to her locker for her English theme and fountain pen. The theme she found right away, but a thorough search through textbooks, notebooks, gym suits, towels, compacts, and a broken bag of salted peanuts did not reveal the fountain pen.

Then, suddenly, she remembered. Last period, during Glee Club, she had heard something drop and roll on the auditorium floor. It had probably been her pen. As she ran up the stairs leading to the auditorium, she heard someone playing the piano. Only one person in the whole town could play like that—Vito Daddona. The melody had a melancholy sweetness to it that reminded her of Chopin's preludes. But it was more modern and rebellious.

She tiptoed along the hall and peeked through the round window in the padded door. A head of dark, ruffled hair was bent over the piano. It was Vito, all right. At first she thought of leaving the pen and going home. But it was the pen her father had given her for her birthday,

and she didn't want to risk losing it.

Very carefully, she pulled open the door and closed it noiselessly behind her, her eyes on Vito. Sitting at the piano, absorbed in his music, he seemed a different boy.

She tiptoed down the center aisle. A pile of songbooks was stacked at the end of the row where a monitor had left them. Gail edged her way over, stooped down and spied the pen caught against a chair leg in front. Slowly she bent down and picked it up. As she inched her way back, Vito stopped playing and reached for some more music. She was so busy watching him, she forgot the songbooks. Her coat dragged them off and they crashed to the floor.

Vito called out, "Who is it?"

"It's me, Gail Bennett. I came back for my fountain pen." Her long, free stride carried her rapidly down the aisle toward him. "Don't let me interrupt your playing. It's very good. A bit like Chopin, only it sounded rebellious."

"I'm not ashamed of that," he said proudly.

"Then it's one of your own. I wish you'd play it again."

"What for? For you to make fun of?"

"Vito, why don't we stop fighting and be friends?"

THE STORY SO FAR

"Is it fair to become friendly with Connie Ciminelli when you know she won't be accepted by your country-club crowd?" Austin Bennett asked his daughter Gail, when he forbade her to drive to Pontatuck, the Italian section of Northport. To keep Connie's friendship, Gail launched a youth center where all students could get together. Salvatore Ciminelli made a house available and Gail, as chairman, appointed one Pontatuck and one Northport boy and girl on each committee. Working together to prepare for a Thanksgiving housewarming, Connie and Bruce Wheeler, son of an old Yankee family, became friends, but Connie was forced to decline Bruce's invitation to dinner because her mother preferred that she go out only with Pontatuck boys.



Daystar

by AMELIA ELIZABETH WALDEN

Illustrated by Paul Burns

"Friends? Sure, if you'll tell me how to jump the social hurdles."

"You're the one who puts up the hurdles." She went closer to the piano. "You don't like me just because my name is Gail Bennett."

He grabbed his music case and angrily stuffed his sheet music into it. "The whole crazy world puts up the hurdles. You get born with a label and you carry it around all your life." Viciously he zipped the case closed. "When I was small, it was my made-over clothes. Now it's my name. As soon as they hear it, people think, He's a wop."

Gail extended her long, thin hand in one of her impulsive, graceful gestures. "Vito, why don't you come over to Daystar on Thanksgiving night? There's a place where there aren't any hurdles to jump. No labels, either."

He gave a sort of snort, but Gail pressed her invitation. "We've hired an orchestra, but we'd love to have you play for us during intermission. Maybe some of your own compositions?"

"So you could laugh at me!" he accused her again.

"You know we wouldn't do that. Daystar is meant for people like us, Vito. People who can't get along because of silly labels. Won't you consider that

invitation for Thanksgiving night, please?"

"Thanks very much. I've something else to do." He turned away and strode rapidly up the aisle. Gail watched the door slowly swing closed.

IT WAS STILL SNOWING next morning when Gail turned into the school parking field.

"We're late," Doug said. "There's the bell now."

"You go on in," Gail urged. "There's no sense in two of us walking in late for the Thanksgiving assembly."

She parked as quickly as she could in the snowbanked schoolyard. The assembly program was well started when she finally slipped into her seat. Mrs. Lambert, her home-desk teacher, leaned forward and whispered, "Gail, I've been waiting for you. Mr. Seeley wanted to see you before the program began."

"I'm awfully sorry."

Mrs. Lambert nodded. "You'll have to wait till it's over now."

Gail turned toward the stage. Mr. Seeley was just beginning his traditional

Thanksgiving speech. Having heard it three previous years, she could almost repeat it from memory. It was always about the Pilgrims and Plymouth Rock and how much they—living here in this rich land of plenty—had to be grateful for. Most of the pupils listened half-heartedly, knowing that it would soon be over and their rollicking holiday would begin.

Gail thought about all the things she had to do before the opening of Daystar tomorrow: order corsages for the chaperons, be sure refreshments were delivered, call Jazz Bingham to make sure about the time the band would arrive, regulate the heat, see about fresh flowers for the piano and guest towels for the powder room, call the road department about clearing up the snow.

Something Mr. Seeley was saying brought her back to Seth Bennett High.

"Usually I do not approve of our school mixing into town affairs with which it isn't directly concerned. But the opening of our new youth center down on (Continued on page 26)



If longer hair is becoming to you, try this new springtime version of the popular page boy, with short curls framing your face

JUST BECAUSE Sue has her hair cut short doesn't mean that you have to have your curls cut, too. Maybe you have the type of face that needs longer hair. There is a wide range of styles that are right for spring, so don't just follow the leader. Choose the style that is best for you.

To decide just what length you should wear your hair, sit down before your mirror and do a little experimenting. The perfect face shape is oval. Decide what shape your face is, and then see what you can do to make it appear oval.

For instance, if your face is narrow, wear your hair short and fluffy; then your face will seem wider. If you have a round face, a smooth style will make it appear less round.

A long neck needs fullness behind the ears, but a short neck looks longer if you have a short haircut.

Either a too-high or a too-low forehead may be camouflaged by a bang. Long bangs (maybe straight!) come down over a too-high forehead. But a low forehead should be fringed by short bangs that come from a part two inches back from the hairline.

If you have a nice hairline—and perhaps a widow's peak, such as our blond model has—sweep your topknot back in a low wave.

The short ends are pin-curled, two deep, all around the head. They are brushed out and then smoothed down into head-hugging curls. This smooth hairdo is just right for school—with perhaps a bow or barrette keeping the wave in its "off the face" place. For Sunday and dress up, the slightly curled ends peek out nicely from under a hat.

Our brunette has kept her locks long. The fullness of the page boy and the soft curls help to add width to her slim face. The length of the hair softens the long neck. Her fringe of loosely curled bangs is drawn back and the side curls held in place by a bowknot of flowers. For sport occasions—or just for variety's sake—the bang can be combed in a fluff across the

Give yourself a spring tonic with a new hairdo! And be sure to select the style that will be the most becoming to you

Spring goes to your head

by CAROL DOUGLAS

Photos by The Toni Company

forehead and the page-boy roll started at the temple.

If you want your hair to comb out into a loose, "fat" page-boy roll, use large strands of hair and make large pin curls.

If your hair is not naturally curly, and you feel that waves or curls are more becoming to you than straight hair, a soft, loose permanent may be the answer. Should you decide on a home permanent, why not ask Mother to help you with it? And for the very best results, be sure to follow all instructions to the letter.

But remember, the cut and the curl are only part of the story of beautiful hair. It must be kept sparkling clean with frequent, thorough shampooing and careful rinsing; shining and sleek with daily brushing. A little care, every day, will give you lustrous, lovely hair. And you can do it yourself at home!

THE END

Send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Carol Douglas, The American Girl Magazine, 30 West 48 Street, New York 19, New York, for a free instruction sheet showing how to make pin curls and set your hair in the styles shown on this page.



A short hairdo, perfect for spring into summer—easy to arrange, soft and feminine. Attractive from the back, too





PUDDINGS

What shall it be for dessert tonight?—"Let's have a pudding," you'll say, when you have sampled these

LIFE's a pudding full of plums, sang the poet, William S. Gilbert. Plums or no, life to us has just been a month full of puddings. Puddings from the North, puddings from the South, from the East, from the West. Many of the puddings you sent to us were very good indeed, so that deciding on the best was not an easy task. When a choice had to be made between several almost identical ones, preference was given to the recipe that was neatest and clearest, and gave the most complete instructions. Some of the recipes chosen are quite inexpensive to prepare; others cost a bit more. Some are quick and easy; others take a little longer. All contain foods that are good to include in your diet—milk, eggs, and fruit.

The "Recipe Exchange" for August is now open, and the subject for that month is "Salads." Salads really give you a chance to go to town with original recipes. Most every girl has her own favorite. So try the recipe again, and then send it in to us. Be sure to tell us any interesting facts about where you got your recipe, or how you use it. Entries must reach us by May 20th.

BANANA PUDDING

A rich, creamy, delicately flavored pudding—fancy enough for the most elegant party. Can be made in advance.

| | |
|--------------------------|--------------------------------|
| 2 cups milk | ½ pound vanilla wafers |
| ¾ cup sugar | 3 medium-sized bananas, sliced |
| ¼ teaspoon salt | 2 egg whites, beaten stiff |
| ½ cup flour | 2 tablespoons sugar |
| 2 egg yolks, well beaten | |
| 1½ teaspoons lemon juice | |

Scald milk in top of double boiler. Combine sugar, salt, and flour; form into a smooth paste by adding a little of the hot milk. Add gradually to the rest of

Conducted by JUDITH MILLER

Drawing by Kelly Occhali

the milk, and stir constantly until the mixture thickens. Cook 15 minutes, stirring occasionally. Stir a small amount of the thickened pudding into the egg yolks, then add egg mixture to the rest of the pudding. Cook 2 minutes longer, stirring constantly. Add lemon juice and blend thoroughly. Allow to cool.

Line bottom of one-quart casserole with vanilla wafers, and stand a row of wafers around side of dish. Place a layer of sliced bananas over the bottom layer of wafers, then pour half the custard mixture over them. Repeat with another layer of wafers, bananas, and rest of custard. Add another row of wafers around the side. Top with a meringue made by combining stiffly beaten egg whites with sugar. Bake in a slow oven (300°) 15 to 20 minutes, or until meringue is golden brown. Serve cold. Serves 6 to 8.

Sent by

PHYLLIS DAVENPORT, Richland, Georgia

FUDGE PUDDING

"A favorite recipe of my mother's," says Mary Anne. "It was given her by an old friend who runs a tearoom where it is served often." The cake part rises to the top, leaving a rich chocolate sauce underneath.

| | |
|---------------------------|-------------------------------------|
| 1 cup enriched flour | 2 tablespoons melted shortening |
| 2 teaspoons baking powder | 1 cup coarsely-chopped walnut meats |
| ¼ teaspoon salt | 1 cup brown sugar, firmly packed |
| ¾ cup sugar | 1¾ cups hot water |
| 5½ tablespoons cocoa | |
| ½ cup milk | |

Sift flour, measure, then sift again with baking powder, salt, sugar, and 1½ tablespoons of the cocoa. Combine milk, shortening, and nut meats. Add to dry ingredients and mix well. Spread in well-

greased baking pan 8" x 8" x 2". Combine remaining cocoa (4 tablespoons) and brown sugar; sprinkle over top of batter.

Pour hot water into tablespoon, allowing it to overflow into pudding. Bake in a moderate oven (350°) 45 minutes. Serve warm or cold with whipped cream, ice cream, or top milk. Serves 8.

Sent by

MARY ANNE McLAUGHLIN, Ogden, Utah

LEMON PUDDING

A very rich dessert, with a tart lemon filling between layers of chewy, caramel-flavored crust.

| | |
|---------------------|------------------------|
| ¾ cup sugar | 2 eggs, well-beaten |
| 2 tablespoons flour | ½ cup lemon juice |
| ½ teaspoon salt | Grated rind of 1 lemon |
| 1 cup hot water | |

Combine sugar, flour, and salt in top of double boiler. Gradually stir in hot water. Bring to boiling point over direct heat, stirring constantly. Cook until thickened (about 10 minutes). Remove from heat. Stir a little of the hot mixture into the eggs, well-beaten. Then add eggs to remaining hot mixture. Place over boiling water and cook 2 minutes. Add lemon juice and grated rind. Cook 1 minute more. Cool. Combine with the crumb-mixture recipe given below.

CRUMB MIXTURE

| | |
|------------------------|--------------------------|
| ½ cup shortening | ½ teaspoon salt |
| 1 cup brown sugar | 1 cup wheat-flake cereal |
| 1 cup flour | ½ cup shredded coconut |
| ½ teaspoon baking soda | |

Cream together shortening and sugar. Sift together flour, soda, and salt. Add gradually to creamed mixture. Stir in wheat flakes and coconut.

Grease a square pan 8" x 8" x 2". Put ¾ of crumb mixture into bottom of pan. Cover with (Continued on page 31)



Lucia Nebel

Adventure on Wheels

by GODFREY FRANKEL

All photographs from "Bike-Ways" by Godfrey Frankel

A bike and the open road spell new and exciting adventures in any girl's language

YOU CAN RIDE a bicycle on almost any kind of road and on paths too narrow for other vehicles. The bike doesn't depend on fuel to run; the energy you generate and transmit to it makes it go. You are the power behind the bike.

Desire for adventure makes you seek the open spaces where you can cycle to your heart's content through interesting, exciting surroundings. You leave the neighborhood, the city, and the town. You find the open road and the horizon wide in any direction.

Many beginners wonder when they will be ready to go on a trip outside their immediate vicinity. Usually your sense of security will tell you, as you are the best judge of your own riding ability. You may tend, however, to overestimate your endurance and may be sadly surprised to find that your trip is proving too tiring.

It is best to practice vigorously before taking a trip. In this way, the more experienced rider will get into condition, and the beginner will discover just how much she can take.

Practicing involves taking short trips about the neighborhood. The runs should be increased each time until you can easily cycle the distance you plan to cover in one day of your proposed trip. You will tend to work up speed and endurance as you travel on the actual trip. But, it is wise to be in good condition before starting as it is hindering and unpleasant to have a tired and muscle-bound cyclist in a group.

On some days you can ride much faster and farther than on others. For beginners, it is best to limit the first day of a three-day trip to fifteen miles; then the second day, twenty to twenty-five miles; and the last day, farther. These figures

Girls climb into double-decker bunks at a hostel after an evening of fun

American Youth Hostels



also will vary with the terrain and with the bike, the touring model being faster than the heavyweight.

If a trip isn't planned properly you may run into trouble. You may not know the road. You may miss picturesque scenery or interesting historical spots. You may find yourself without food or shelter. Steep inclines or mountains may suddenly loom up out of a road that appeared level on a map. Planning will make the trip easier. If you travel with a group, try to go with cyclists of approximately the same riding ability. Your group should discuss in advance what it wants most out of the trip, whether it is just the ride, swimming in a certain lake, visiting historical sites, or hosteling. Inexperienced riders should always use side roads and byways to build up "bike legs" and a feeling of security in traffic. In order to know where the highways and byways are, and their elevation, you should secure two different kinds of maps: (1) a topographical map, and (2) a regular auto road map.

The Department of Conservation in most States or the United States Geological Survey in Washington, D. C., will send you, upon request, topographical maps of the exact area you expect to cover. These maps generally cost a dime. Their chief value is that they give the number of the hills you will have to climb and the approximate height of these hills.

A regular auto road map, besides indicating towns and villages, and the mileage between them, usually lists historical sites and other places of interest.

With these two maps, cyclists can scientifically plot their anticipated route. It is also a good idea to talk with other cyclists who have taken the same trip. From them, bits of information can be

gleaned regarding the best roads, the most scenic spots, the best lakes and rivers for swimming, spots of historical interest, and hostels or tourist homes. If they camped overnight in that region, and you expect to do likewise, their knowledge will be most helpful.

After the itinerary has been decided upon, plan the equipment to be taken along. Weight should be the chief factor. Remember that it isn't your bike that will be taking the punishment of the heavy load. It will be you! So spare yourself as much as possible.

Thirty pounds is the accepted maximum weight to carry on a touring bicycle. Divide things among your group so that the weight is equally distributed. And in packing the load, make it as compact as possible.

CLOTHING should be light and comfortable. If the day is cool, a lightweight windbreaker jacket is good. On warmer days, a shirt with long sleeves is comfortable as well as effective in protecting your arms from sunburn. Take along, also, a short-sleeved shirt, slacks, shorts, pedal pushers, bathing suit (if you will be near a swimming area), and some kind of head covering that will not blow off your head.

Take along two or three pairs of socks. Woolen socks are best because they absorb perspiration. You will also need change of underwear, sunglasses, comfortable shoes, a poncho or raincoat, a first-aid kit, tooth paste or powder, toothbrush, towel, soap, cleansing tissues. Don't take anything breakable.

How much money you will need depends on your individual tastes—where you will spend the night and what food you will want to eat. If you don't intend

to cook outdoors, plan on spending about \$2.00 to \$2.50 on food per day and about \$1.50 to \$2.00 a night for shelter. Make reservations in advance if you don't want to take a chance of just lodging anywhere.

On your trip, plan to eat fairly often. It is better to eat many small meals than three large ones. When you stop—many riders stop about every hour for ten minutes or so—eat fruit or some chocolate.

If you plan to cook outdoors or at a youth hostel, take cooking equipment along. You can, in many cases, buy fresh fruits, vegetables, eggs, and cheese from farmers and roadside stands along the way. Not only will you get fresher food, but you will have an opportunity to speak with people in the community. They will be able to answer your questions regarding terrain, road conditions, and scenic or historic spots. Moreover, you will enjoy meeting people outside your community, talking to them, and learning something of their way of life.

Saddlebags that fit over your crossbar or rear-wheel carrier are recommended for carrying your pack. Or you can wrap your pack in a nylon, oilcloth, or some other waterproof cover, and tie it to your metal carrier.

Some riders carry their packs on their backs, but we have found this to be uncomfortable and unsafe. Metal carriers, wicker or metal baskets have limited capacity, whereas saddlebags are roomier. Fast riders don't like baskets or any other carrier on the front of the bike, because they offer wind resistance and slow down speed.

Remember to take your tool kit plus a tire-repair kit. On longer trips, where you may be far from a garage, you should take along an (Continued on page 35)

A camping trip in Yosemite National Park, California, offers these cyclists scenic thrills aplenty
National Park Service



Time to eat! This happy family, on a week-end bicycle trip, finds an attractive spot at the side of the road for a tasty picnic meal
"Bike-Ways"





Triple purpose—triple value—in our Prize Purchase for May! The frosted organdy with its tucked front is perfect for summer dates when worn over the pastel broadcloth sundress. With a white slip, the same sheer overdress rates A for graduation. For play, wear the sundress separately. It has two belts—one pastel, one white. Made by Joseph Love, in subteen sizes 10-14, for just under \$11. Order it from the stores on page 39

Convertibles

for more
than
graduation

Right: Embroidered organdy is shirred over pastel broadcloth in Teen Fashion's two-piece dress. Teen sizes 10-16, about \$17, at Neiman-Marcus, Dallas. Stores in other cities on page 39

Below: A smart capelet buttons to the yoke of Dell Tween's white piqué sundress. Subteen sizes 10-14, about \$8, at Hudson's, Detroit; Burdine's, Miami; Frederick & Nelson, Seattle



Photographs by RALPH M. BAXTER



Do away with the one-occasion dress! Two-piece sheers make dreamy date dresses, yet the blouse and skirt may be worn separately. All-white sunbacks with novel tops lend themselves to sunning and dating. Both are appropriate for graduation and after

ALL SHOES BY CAPEZIO
ALL JEWELRY BY CORO

*to mix
'n' match*

Convertibles

Make your wardrobe seem larger than it really is with versatile skirts and blouses. Match them, and you get the look of a one-piece dress. Combined with different partners, they form the bases of many other costumes



A short, boxy jacket with panel front covers the eyelet-cuffed bodice of Petiteen's broadcloth sundress. About \$9, in subteen sizes 10-14, at Halle Bros., Cleveland; Thalhimer's, Richmond



Sandra Lee's scooped-neck sundress of piqué has a border print. It's topped by a broadcloth blouse with drawstring tie. Teen sizes 10-16, for about \$9, at Shillito's, Cincinnati. Other stores, page 39





Left: Touraine's desert print blouse, about \$4, matches a picolay skirt with unpressed pleats, about \$6. Subteen sizes 10-14, at Ernst Kern, Detroit; Petersen-Harned-Von Maur, Davenport; Abraham & Straus, Brooklyn; The White House, San Francisco

Left: Derby uses organdy over broadcloth in a full-flared skirt. About \$8. Blouse has drawstring tie and organdy collar. About \$3. Teen sizes 10-16, at Macy's, New York City, and Hochschild Kohn, Baltimore

Right: Tiny checks in a separate blouse and gathered skirt with tucks at hem by Teen Fashions. Both about \$13, teen sizes 10-16. They can be had at Kaufmann's, Pittsburgh, and Wm. H. Block, Indianapolis



Pastel piqué sundress with white cuffed bodice has a fitted jacket with round collar. By Teen Charmers, in subteen sizes 10-14, it's about \$8 at Bloomingdale's, New York City; Filene's, Boston; Jos. Horne's, Pittsburgh



for sun days
'n' dates

Sundresses are a natural "double-duty" fashion. Wear them bare-topped in the sun. Then for a lightning change add the jacket, and you're ready for your best beau and a trip to town

Sundresses photographed by
RALPH M. BAXTER
at the Sportsman's Show, New York City.

Drawings by Boris Givotofsky

Cool

These patterns, especially designed for readers of this magazine, may be purchased from The American Girl, Pattern Dept., 155 East 44th Street, New York City 17. When ordering enclose 25¢ for each pattern (sorry, no C.O.D.'s) and state size. We pay postage. For clip-out order blank, please turn to page 48.



9359

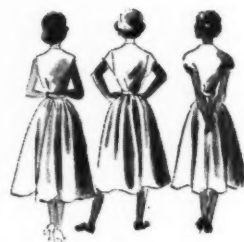
4781

9239

9359: The sleeveless look heads the fashion parade, and this trio of sleeveless blouse, trim shorts, and a skirt with just one seam would be cool and gay in Ameritex's "South Pacific" cotton. Sizes 11-17. In size 13 the three pieces will take $5\frac{1}{4}$ yards 35" fabric

4781: Simple, but oh, so smart, this dress would be nice for graduation and for dress-up occasions afterward. Cap sleeves and eyelet embroidery are effective details. Sizes 11-17. Size 13 needs $3\frac{5}{8}$ yards 35" material, and $2\frac{7}{8}$ yards of $2\frac{1}{2}$ " eyelet banding

9239: You'll breeze through summer in this cool frock for sizes 10-16. It is easy to make, and for the skirt and checked part of the bodice, you could use one of Dan River's woven cotton checks. Size 12 calls for $3\frac{1}{8}$ yards 35" material, $\frac{1}{2}$ yard for contrast



9460

Each Pattern 25¢

and Casual



4529



9150



9460: A brief, short-sleeved top that can be slipped on over practically any dress is an important addition to your summer wardrobe. Here's one that can be made from 1 yard of 54" material; the pattern has only two main parts. Sizes A (11,12); B (13,14) C (15,16)

9150: This threesome of bra-top, shorts, and skirt will take you through the round of summer fun, from picnic to square dance. Make it in Tissue Crinkle fabric and cut down on ironing. Sizes 10-16. The three pieces in size 12 will require 4 $\frac{3}{8}$ yards 35" material

4529: An Hawaiian shirt like brother's, for sizes 10-16, has neat shorts and bra to match. For nautical flavor, you might use Reeves' Erinmade "Ship A'Hoy" printed broadcloth. In size 12, bra and shorts will take 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 39" material, shirt 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ yards same width



"sea angel"

designed by

maurice handler

of

california

A nylon proportion blend*, woven by Hafner... in a heavenly suit, paneled and shirred for perfect fit. Sizes 9 to 17. About \$11.



*Acetate,
Lastex,
Nylon

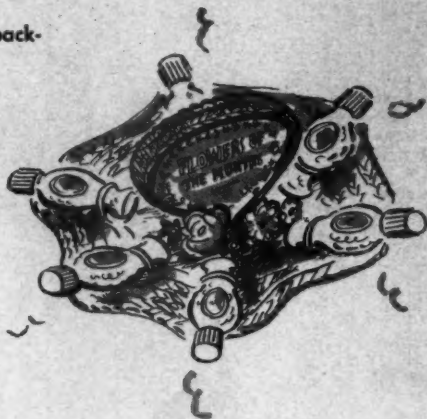


At better stores, or write
maurice handler of california, inc.
846 So. Broadway, Los Angeles, California

TEEN SHOP *talk*

There's always something new in beauty—as these eight items for your dressing table show. All are less than \$3

Here's a specially pretty gift package of Gourielli's "Flowers of the Month" fragrances! Six dram-size bottles with different floral scents are placed in a pink or blue open straw basket. The perfumes come in two sets—each for a half-year period. \$2.25* at Lord & Taylor, New York City 18



Harriet Hubbard Ayer's "Yu"-scented drawer sachet and gold flacon of perfume in a gilt basket are just \$1* for both at Abraham & Straus, Brooklyn 1



Atop Little Lady Deb's hand lotion and body powder is a novel plastic daisy which holds solid perfume. At Titche Goettinger, Dallas, \$1* each

A new ingredient in Mum deodorant makes it floral-scented, creamier, and more effective. Large size is only 57¢* at Bamberger's, Newark



by JONNI BURKE

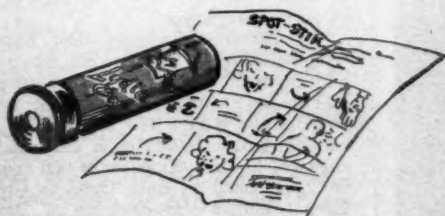
Drawings by Lisl Weil

talk

At a special price for home-permanent users, Toni offers a complete refill kit plus a tube of creme shampoo and six midget spin curlers. \$1.33* at Jordan Marsh, Boston

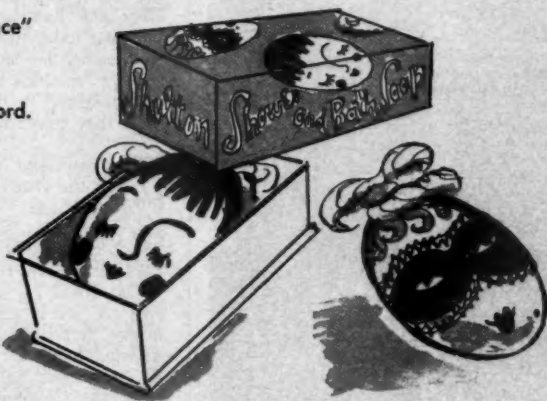


Give yourself a home manicure with Softol, a liquid that softens, shapes, and removes cuticle without cutting. The set includes a fountain-like shaper, nail rest, and jar of Softol for \$1* at Hudson's, Detroit



Lydia O'Leary's covermark, Spotstik, helps to heal as well as hide small blemishes. It can also be used as a powder base. In a handy pocket size for \$1.25 at Filene's, Boston

This large "Funny Face" soap by Shulton is suspended from a convenient shower cord. At J. W. Robinson, Los Angeles, yours for \$1 each



LISL WEIL

*Please add 30% Federal Tax

Please order items direct from stores listed and mention The American Girl



New York Model Says, "That Camera Tells All"

... "so I guarantee that I'll look my very best by using famous Seventeen Cosmetics. They keep my skin soft, lovely... give me the aids to glamour the camera demands," says lovely Flora Jean Seamon. Like so many other popular New York models, Miss Seamon uses the "cosmetics of the models."

Seventeen CLEANSING CREAM

This cream removes dirt and grime quickly, gently, and like all Seventeen Cosmetics is free as possible of allergy-causing ingredients. On sale at cosmetic counters. Write for leaflet.



\$1.00

Plus 20% Fed. Tax

SEVENTEEN, Rye, New York



-the brightest idea

Helping Mother clean pots and pans can be practically painless! Just see that she buys S.O.S., the magic cleanser.

S.O.S. is different, wonderfully fast and easy to use. The soap is right in each S.O.S. pad.



Daystar

(Continued from page 13)

Gregory Lane deserves to be the exception to my rule." He paused. "Is Gail Bennett here now?"

Gail pulled herself to her feet. Mr. Seeley asked, "Would you be willing to come up here and say a few words about the opening of Daystar?"

Would she be willing! Of course, she'd be willing! Then, all at once, she was overwhelmed with self-consciousness. She couldn't go up there and talk without any preparation. She had nothing to say! But an inner voice seemed to urge, "Forget about yourself. Do it for Daystar."

As she walked down the aisle, she felt as if every pair of eyes was watching her. Her own footsteps seemed to be the only sound in the auditorium. She stepped up on the stage and turned to face the crowd. What'll I say? She thought. What *will* I say?

Her eyes focused on the first row of seats. There at the end, near the piano, sat Vito, waiting to play for the boys' chorus. Suddenly she knew what to say.

"We chose Thanksgiving Day to open Daystar because it's an American holiday. No matter where our ancestors came from, on that day we all sit down at our family tables and give thanks in our own way."

Vito was staring at her across the footlights, but she couldn't make out the expression on his face. She went on. "When I was in grade school, we celebrated Thanksgiving by cutting out pictures of Pilgrims in long gray dresses and black cloaks. I used to believe that Thanksgiving belonged to them. Later I learned that it belonged to a lot of others, too—to people who came here in cattle boats and in the steerage as well as on the Mayflower."

The auditorium was very silent. Even the scattered coughing had died out. She gulped and finished: "Everyone of our ancestors had to have courage to make the trip to America and start a new life—whether they came in sixteen twenty or in nineteen hundred. So, in commemoration of that courage, we hope you'll all come down to Gregory Lane tomorrow and celebrate at Daystar. We want *all* of you; we *need* all of you."

She ran down the steps and up the aisle toward her seat. Applause thundered in her ears, surprising her. Why, they liked what she had said! They didn't applaud like that unless they really approved. When she reached her seat, the audience had risen to sing "America the Beautiful." Maybe she just imagined it, but she thought they sang it as they never had before.

THANKSGIVING night was clear and frosty, and the roads were banked with snow.

In the dark, Gail's car skidded toward the huge drifts. Nancy Wheeler, sitting beside her, braced herself for the jar. Swerving, Gail cleared the bank in the nick of time.

"It would be swell," she muttered, "if we got stuck tonight." She crossed the bridge and turned up Gregory Lane. The glowing lights of Daystar gave her a thrill as she turned into the driveway. "Good for Salvatore Ciminelli!" she exclaimed. "He promised to have the Nardi boys clear out the parking lot and they did!"

As they stamped their way to the entrance, Nancy grumbled, "Why couldn't this darn old blizzard have waited until tomorrow!"

Connie opened the door for them.

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"Whew, that heat feels good," Gail said. "Anybody here yet?"

"Only the girls on the refreshment committee. They're dancing to the old victrola."

"No Jazz Bingham yet?"

Connie shook her head.

"He promised to be here by seven thirty," Gail fumed. "This miserable storm has everybody tied up."

She was worried about more than Jazz Bingham. Here it was almost eight o'clock and practically no one had showed up. Wasn't the crowd coming? She had an awful, empty feeling—a premonition that the party was going to be a flop.

She peeked into the recreation hall. Despite her gloom, she had to admit it looked lovely. The battered refectory table was covered with a long cloth. Yellow chrysanthemums formed the centerpiece, and at each side were a punch bowl and dozens of cups. The sandwiches and cakes and punch and hot chocolate would be brought up from the kitchen later.

She had better go downstairs now and check the refreshments. Not that she need worry about having enough. It looked as if they would have enough left over to feed a regiment for a week.

SHE found Connie in the kitchen, untying boxes of food and arranging it appetizingly on big pottery platters from the kitchens of Pontatuck. The sweet smell of chocolate, warming on the stove, filled the room. Not wanting Connie to see how worried she was, Gail grabbed a box of cakes and pitched into the work.

Connie wasn't to be fooled. "Don't take it too hard, Gail," she said. "We're all in this together and, after all, we can't be blamed for the storm."

Gail silently piled the small cakes on the plates. It was a few minutes before she noticed they weren't the cupcakes she'd ordered from the bakery. "Where did these come from, Connie?"

"We girls from Pontatuck made them this afternoon. They're *cannolli*—Italian pastry."

"Mmm," Gail sampled one. "Good."

Steps sounded on the narrow kitchen stairs, and Doug's face peered down. "Someone's at the front door to see you, Gail."

She ran up the stairs thinking: If Doug Winthrop is playing a joke on me tonight, I'll crown him!

There was no one in the hallway but Doug. "What in the world—" she began, and was interrupted by the ringing of the telephone. "You open the door," Doug called over his shoulder. "I'll take the phone."

Some sort of muffled noise was going on outside. What is this all about? she thought. And who's crazy enough to stand out there in the cold? She pulled the door wide. Bruce Wheeler stood in the doorway, and behind him, trailing over the steps and down the walk, was the biggest crowd of kids she had ever seen outside of school. "Surprise!" they shouted, and streamed into the foyer. There were dozens of them, overflowing into the recreation room, noisily pulling off their wraps and overshoes. Doug made his way through the crowd to her side.

"You're responsible for this," she accused.

"Just my fool idea of a joke to jolt you out of that solemn, consecrated mood you've been carrying around lately. But now, I'm sorry to say, Gail, I have a real jolt for you. That was Jazz Bingham on the phone. He and his band tried to take a short cut from Brookfield Center and the road is closed

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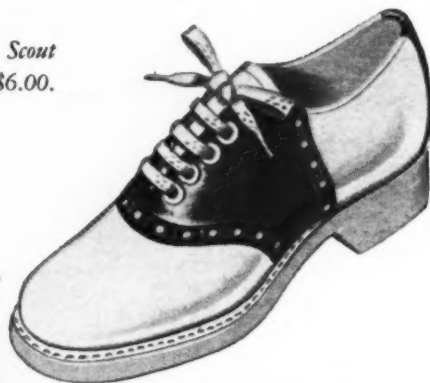
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by the storm. They're stuck at a farm five miles out of Northport."

"Oh, Doug, what'll we do?" she wailed. "Get the crowd quiet, tell them about it, and carry on without an orchestra."

A few groans of disappointment greeted Doug's announcement. Then someone called out from the edge of the crowd, "Why can't we make up a band of our own? I've got my sax out in the car, and Tony Laguna could go home for his accordion."

"Jim Thornton plays the banjo," a girl's voice said.

"I could drive Malcolm Jessup home to get his fiddle," Jim volunteered, "and get my banjo at the same time."

Doug shook his hands above his head. "Great! You're all swell, but what about a pianist?"

Tony Laguna paused with his arm half through the sleeve of his parka. "Vito plays in a home-talent band down in Pontatuck with me. I'll bring him back."

"He'll never come," Michaelina Agresta sounded very sure. "He'd never even step inside this door, no less play for us."

"I'm not so sure about that," Tony argued. "Vito's got his faults, sure. But when he hears that we really need him and what we want him to do for us, I think he'll come."

SEVERAL hours later, Gail made her way between the couples on the dance floor, a plate of sandwiches in one hand and of cookies in the other. Doug took the plates from her and set them on the refreshment table, where John D'Andrea and Nancy Wheeler were filling cups with punch and cocoa for the hungry guests.

"The party can get along fine without you for a while," Doug said, and pushed her down into a chair.

He was right. Everything was going along well. Gail closed her eyes and listened to the music. The impromptu orchestra was good. The piano sounded fine.

Vito's being here tonight still seemed like a miracle. Only once this evening had they come face to face. That was when the boys had first brought him in. Gail had met him at the door with a smile and a few words of welcome.

His manner was proud and not too warm. "I came because my friends said they needed me." Then he had gone straight to the piano and started to play. The moment he touched the keys, the fight and resentment had left him, and, by common consent, he had become the leader of the orchestra, selecting the tunes, and unifying the straggling bunch of amateurs into a tuneful band.

Gail enjoyed listening to the rhythm of the music, the scraping of feet, the laughter and talk of the crowd. The heat in the room made her a little drowsy. She ought to ask Doug to open some windows. The voices lulled her. She had been working really hard all day; no, for days and days and days . . . The voices began to fade. Then suddenly an exclamation from Nancy Wheeler jarred her awake.

"Look!" Nancy's voice came from far away, but the words were distinct. "Look who just came in, all decked out like a peacock. My brother's former girl friend, Lisbeth Mallory! And she's the center of attention already."

Gail shook herself wide awake and sat up. There was Lisbeth all right with that silly Spencer Watts. "Ballerina" Watts the High crowd mockingly dubbed him, because all he cared about was showing off new

dance steps. Spencer and Lisbeth were in evening clothes; probably they had just left some house party to drop in and have a look at the new youth center out of curiosity.

Certainly it was not in a spirit of sincere good will that they came, since Lisbeth had been as catty as only Lisbeth knew how to be about the whole project. The explanation of her dislike was perfectly simple. Bruce Wheeler had shown less and less interest in Lisbeth since he had started working with Connie at Daystar.

Gail had to admit that Lisbeth made a stunning picture, her mahogany hair piled high on her head, her green velvet dress making a striking contrast against her white skin. I'm glad Bruce has stopped dating her, though, Gail thought. And she's got no one to thank but herself. She ran around with half a dozen other boys all the time Bruce was so devoted to her! But she's just the kind that would resent having someone treat her the way she treats others.

AFTER Lisbeth had accepted the compliments of the crowd around her, she and Spencer deemed to try out the dance floor. It was easy enough for Gail to keep track of them because everyone gave Spencer plenty of room for his intricate steps. They danced over to the refreshment table and Spencer, with his arm still around Lisbeth as they swayed to the music, suggested, "Let's see what they have to offer."

They danced the length of the table, looking over the refreshments. "What's that?" Lisbeth asked pointing to a plate of cakes. "Italian pastry," Nancy answered. "What's it called, Gail?"

"Cannoli," Gail told them. "Connie and her friends made it."

"Italian pastry! My, my!" Lisbeth looked from the pastry to Gail and out to the dance floor where Connie and Bruce were waltzing. "We certainly go all out for Pontatuck these days, don't we?" Gail looked away; Nancy busied herself with the sandwiches; Doug pretended the punch needed stirring. Lisbeth pressed her point. "This place is making such good mixers of us all!" Her spiteful eyes fastened on Connie and Bruce. "Isn't it wonderful," she asked brightly, "what a pair of strong peasant hands can do when they get their clutches on a simple Northport boy?"

Though Lisbeth's remarks had been addressed to all of them, Gail knew they were intended particularly for her. Lisbeth was baiting her with these insulting remarks about her friend, Connie, and Gail saw red. She rose and faced Lisbeth.

"I wouldn't worry, Lisbeth, about Connie's dancing with Bruce. Clutch for clutch, claw for claw, I'd bet on you any time."

She watched a bright spot of color creep slowly along Lisbeth's neck and over her face. Lisbeth started to say something, then put down her paper plate and turned to Spencer. "Let's get out of here."

Spencer followed her across the floor toward the foyer. Nancy grinned at Gail. "Nice comeback," she said. "She's had something like that coming to her for a long, long time."

Doug shook his head as he watched Lisbeth and Spencer walk out into the hall for their coats. "I'm not so sure," he said thoughtfully. "Knowing Lisbeth Mallory, I'd watch my step after making a crack like that. She'll get even, Liz will. She'll never rest until she does."

(To be continued)

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by MARJORIE CINTA

Eleanor Roosevelt. By SALLY KNAPP.
Thomas Y. Crowell Company, \$2.50.

This book should be a comfort and an inspiration to any girl no matter what her difficulty. There are few problems which might trouble you, except perhaps poverty, that Eleanor Roosevelt would not understand from personal experience. She was the plain, shy daughter of a beautiful mother who didn't understand her. She was early separated from her adored father by his illness and death. She was brought up by a strict, conservative grandmother who, it seemed, preferred to say no to longed-for treats. She was awkward and ill at ease at parties because she had little companionship with young people. Yet she grew up to marry a handsome man, who became one of the world's leading figures, and to become herself one of the world's most gracious hostesses and one of its best-known, most-admired women. The author takes the big-eyed, solemn child through her shy, lonely girlhood, her year as a reluctant debutante, her happy marriage and motherhood, Franklin's illness, the busy years in Albany as governor's wife and in Washington as an independent, globe-trotting First Lady, and leaves her as the Lady of Washington Square, Hyde Park, and Lake Success—greater in her own right as citizen of the world than she had been as wife of a famous American President. Rich in anecdote, touched with humor, and told with sincerity and glowing admiration, Miss Knapp's story creates the warm, human, inspiring figure of a remarkable woman.

The Ghost at Garnet Lodge. By FRANCES DUNCOMBE. William Sloane Associates, \$2.50. Twice again as long, this is the mystery serial which thrilled AMERICAN GIRL readers as "Garnet Lodge." Jinky Sanders loved the kind of life she lived in the old Adirondack house which her parents had remodeled as a ski lodge—skiing on mountain trails, sitting around the blazing fire with interesting guests in the evenings. With Pete Crosby (who was a little older than Jinky and fun to be with) and his college ski club renting the cabins and enough reservations at the Lodge to assure the success of the venture, Jinky's happiness was complete. And then began a succession

of strange and terrifying events which threatened the success of the Lodge. Jinky herself saw the ghost that haunted the old house, and was caught up in the danger that stalked the mountain trails and lurked in the abandoned garnet mine. You couldn't ask for a more exciting mystery, a more interesting background, or more satisfactory characters than this absorbing tale offers.

You Can't Tell About Love. By HELEN DIEHL OLDS. Julian Messner, \$2.50. All of you whose letters bubbled over with enthusiasm for THE AMERICAN GIRL story "Susan Steps Out" will be glad to know that this is the book-length story of the same Susan Day—her career in beauty work, and her romance with Larry Knight—from which that story was taken. Susan accepted a job in a shaky, small-town beauty shop, but she dreamed of some day becoming a beauty consultant, chemist, or television make-up authority. She didn't get on too well with the sister-in-law with whom she lived, and this was an added incentive to get ahead in her work so that she could have a place of her own. Both in her career and in her relations with Larry, Susan was continually in conflict with Avis Blake, a fellow student whose beauty was marred by an ugly scar. Hard work and a growing maturity and understanding enabled Susan to work things out successfully. Here are convincing young people of today in a story with a background of the beauty business.

The Care and Handling of Dogs. By JACK BAIRD. Perma Books, 35¢. If you are planning to buy a dog, own one you would like to train, or just love all dogs in general, you will be interested in this handy, pocket-sized, reasonably priced book with its wear-resistant finish. Half the book is devoted to descriptions of the characteristics of more breeds of dogs than probably you have ever heard of, with a picture of each by Paul Brown, famous for his fine drawings of animals. There are Schipperkes, Basenjis, and Keeshonds as well as all the familiar breeds. The other half gives excellent instructions for the care and training of dogs and a brief history of their origin and their domestication.

THE END

Your Own Recipe Exchange

(Continued from page 15)

lemon filling. Top with remaining crumb mixture. Bake about 30-40 minutes, or until lightly browned, in moderate oven (350°). Serve either warm or cold—with whipped cream, if desired. Serves 8 to 10.

Sent by

SHARON COTTON, Springfield, Missouri

PEANUT-BUTTER PUDDING

Here's a recipe for those of you who feel like the little boy who wrote his mother from summer camp: "The food here isn't very good. We haven't had peanut butter once." A new flavor for that old stand-by, cornstarch pudding.

| | |
|--------------------------|---------------------|
| 2½ cups milk | ¼ teaspoon salt |
| 3 tablespoons cornstarch | ½ cup peanut butter |
| ½ cup sugar | ½ cup cold milk |
| | 1 teaspoon vanilla |

Scald 2½ cups milk in the top of a double boiler. Mix together cornstarch, sugar, and salt. Add a small amount of the scalded milk, blending thoroughly. Add mixture to the remaining milk in the double boiler and cook until thickened, stirring constantly. Cook for 15 minutes longer, stirring occasionally. Cool slightly. Place the peanut butter, cold milk, and vanilla in a small bowl and beat with a rotary beater until smooth. Stir into the pudding mixture and chill thoroughly. Serve with whipped cream. Makes 6 servings.

Sent by

JOAN SPRATLER, Crystal Lake, Illinois

PRUNE PUDDING

This is a recipe Alice's family enjoys often. It was handed down by her grandmother.

| | |
|------------------------|--------------------------------|
| 1 cup sugar | ½ cup soft butter or margarine |
| 1 cup flour | 2 cups cooked pitted prunes |
| 2 teaspoons cinnamon | 2 eggs, well-beaten |
| 1 teaspoon cloves | 1 teaspoon vanilla |
| ¼ teaspoon salt | |
| 1 teaspoon baking soda | |

Sift together first six ingredients; cut in the butter or margarine. Add the prunes, eggs, and vanilla, and mix thoroughly. Put mixture in a buttered 1 pound coffee can, filling the can half full. Cover tightly with a double thickness of waxed paper, tied securely with string. Place on a rack in a large covered kettle containing 1 cup of water, and steam for 1 hour. Serves 6 to 8. Serve hot with the following sauce:

| | |
|---------------------------|--------------------------|
| ½ cup water | 1 teaspoon vanilla |
| ¼ cup butter or margarine | 2 tablespoons cornstarch |
| 1 cup brown sugar | Pinch of salt |

Combine all ingredients and cook until mixture boils, stirring constantly.

Sent by

ALICE HUBER, Manchester, Minnesota

INDIAN PUDDING

From Marian's great-grandmother. This is a well-loved New England dessert, often baked in a moderate oven at the same time as the traditional baked beans.

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To make a favorable impression on his family —

☐ Greet them in Spanish

☐ Affect a chawmin' accent

☐ Avoid Slurvian

"Widen Bill tell me you were here? I bin dine to meetcha." You wouldn't say that, anyway! But in all your chatter, avoid Slurvian—if you'd win favor with this family. It's the language that slurs words, lops off syllables. Like "widen" for "why

didn't" . . . "dine" for "dying." Good diction builds confidence. And to stay confident on certain days, do yourself the favor of choosing Kotex: made to stay soft while you wear it. This softness really holds its shape. Keeps you serenely comfortable!



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- ☐ A spoon

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Dessert:—Use strong coffee as both the cold and hot liquid, sweetened to taste. Proceed as above. If desired, serve with whipped cream.

Main Dish:—Use chicken noodle soup as the cold and hot liquid, seasoned as desired. Proceed as above.

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August Recipe Exchange

Subject: SALADS

Date Due: MAY 20

• The AMERICAN GIRL Magazine is offering you an opportunity to have your very own cooking department in which your recipes will be published. Entries for the August issue must reach us by May 20.

• Each month we'll announce in the magazine the kind of cookery to be featured in the "Recipe Exchange." Your recipe MUST be one that you have used successfully.

• JUDITH MILLER, our Cooking Editor, will test and judge the contributions, and choose the recipes which will appear in the magazine. For every entry that is printed, The AMERICAN GIRL will pay \$1.00.

FOLLOW THESE RULES CAREFULLY!

1. Recipes must be typewritten or neatly printed in ink, on one side of the paper only.

2. In the upper right-hand corner of the page, give your name, address, age, and the source of your recipe.

3. List ingredients in the order of use in the recipe, and give level measurements. If any special techniques are involved, describe them fully.

4. All recipes submitted become the property of The AMERICAN GIRL Magazine and cannot be acknowledged or returned. If your recipe is published in the magazine, you will receive a check for \$1.00. Decisions of the judge are final.

5. Address all entries to Judith Miller, American Girl Magazine, 30 West 48th Street, New York 19, New York.

Your Own Recipe Exchange

| | |
|----------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| $\frac{1}{2}$ cups boiling water | 1 teaspoon nutmeg |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ cup corn meal | 4 eggs, beaten |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ cup molasses | slightly |
| 1 cup sugar | 5 cups milk |
| 1 teaspoon salt | $\frac{1}{4}$ cup melted butter |
| 1 teaspoon cinnamon | or margarine |
| 1 teaspoon ginger | $\frac{1}{2}$ cup raisins |
| | $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped nuts |

Bring the water to a fast boil in the top of a double boiler over direct heat. Add the corn meal gradually, stirring constantly. Cook for 30 minutes over boiling water, stirring frequently. Turn the corn-meal mush into a large bowl; stir in the molasses. Combine the sugar, salt, and spices, and add to corn-meal mixture. In a second bowl place the slightly beaten eggs; add the milk, and beat until well blended. Combine with the corn-meal mixture and beat all together. Stir in the melted butter or margarine, raisins, and nuts. Pour into a greased 2 quart baking dish and set in a pan of hot water. Bake in a moderate oven (350°) about 1 hour, or until a knife inserted in the center comes out clean. Serves 8. For a company dessert, serve the pudding, hot or cold, topped with whipped cream or vanilla ice cream.

Sent by

MARIAN WEBER, Cranford, New Jersey

ORANGE-SPONGE PUDDING

The sponge rises to the top, leaving the pudding part in the bottom of the baking dish. A delicate yellow-gold pudding perfect for spring luncheons.

| | |
|-----------------------------------|-------------------------------------|
| 2 cups fine dry bread crumbs | $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar |
| 2 cups milk | Juice and grated rind from 1 orange |
| 2 tablespoons butter or margarine | $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt |
| 2 egg whites, beaten stiff | |

Place bread crumbs and milk in top of double boiler; cook slowly until crumbs are soft and well blended with the milk (about 5 minutes). Add butter, orange juice and rind, salt, and sugar. When butter is melted, remove from fire and cool slightly. Gently fold in beaten whites. Turn into a buttered baking dish and bake in 325° oven until firm, about 45 minutes. Serve with orange sauce. Serves 8.

ORANGE SAUCE

| | |
|----------------------------------|--|
| 2 egg yolks, well beaten | Juice and grated rind of $\frac{1}{2}$ an orange |
| $\frac{1}{4}$ cup powdered sugar | 1 cup whipped cream |

Combine first three ingredients. Just before serving, fold in whipped cream.

Sent by

LA RUE WRIGHT, Miami, Florida

APPLE-CHEESE PUDDING

This is obviously a pudding recipe which originated in one of the renowned Pennsylvania Dutch kitchens.

| | |
|-----------------------------|---------------------------------|
| 2 cups soft bread crumbs | $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon mace |
| 2 cups sliced apples | $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cinnamon |
| 1 cup grated Cheddar cheese | 2 tablespoons butter |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar | 1 cup pineapple juice |

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In a shallow baking dish, arrange alternate layers of crumbs, apples, and cheese, reserving crumbs for the top layer. Mix sugar and spices, and sprinkle over each layer. Dot top with bits of butter, and pour pineapple juice over all. Bake at 350° for about an hour. Serve hot or cold with whipped cream. Serves 4 to 6.

Sent by

SANDRA EMENHEISER, Mt. Wolf, Pa.

AMBROSIA BREAD PUDDING

Anyone who thinks bread pudding merely a way of using up leftover bread should try this recipe. It has been used successfully by both Jacquelyn's mother and grandmother.

4 eggs, well beaten
1 cup sugar
¼ teaspoon salt
4 cups milk
2 teaspoons lemon
flavoring

4 cups cubed stale
bread
½ cup raisins
1 cup crushed pineapple
1 cup shredded
coconut

Beat eggs, sugar, and salt together; add milk and flavoring and mix well. Add cubed bread and raisins. Pour into a well-buttered shallow baking dish; spread drained crushed pineapple over top, then sprinkle coconut over pineapple. Bake in a moderate oven (350°) about 45 minutes, or until pudding is firm. Serve with light cream. Makes 6 generous servings.

Sent by

JACQUELYN ANNE CLARK, Lawrenceville, Ill.
THE END

Pigeons in the Sky (Continued from page 9)

Caro had said was true: "Memories of good times at school are important."

Lynn had heard a while ago that Caro hadn't had many good times at home. Her mother was ill a good deal, and her father—well, no one knew about her father. If you were going to achieve a harmonious curve, you had to see where each side was right, and then make them fit together.

Lynn's face was sober as she let herself into the house on Eighth Street. She opened the closet door under the stairs to hang up her coat, and for the hundredth time, at least, there was a clatter. The picture Great-aunt Ann had given her mother two years ago fell face down once more. As usual Lynn thought: I promised Mother I'd do something with it. For the hundredth time, she stooped down to prop the picture against the wall again. Then for some reason she took it out into the light to see if it was as bad as her mother insisted.

Well, not everyone was an art critic as her mother was. Really, it wasn't too bad. And then she began to laugh. She laughed until finally her mother was standing halfway down the stairs, gazing at her in alarm.

"Lynn—for goodness sake—are you all right?"

Lynn nodded, not able to speak. When she could, she said, "I'll tell you all about it, Mother. Look, these aren't pigeons, but they'll do."

She held the despised picture up. There were six wild ducks flying straight toward a very yellow sunset.

Her mother gave a mock shudder. "Darling, I told you I didn't want to see that thing again. Aunt Ann is a wonderful woman, but there are some things—"

"Yes, Mother. I know. And you won't have to see it again! Because I've thought of the perfect thing to do with it. Come on down and let me tell you."

Lynn told about her despair at the meeting. And then about the pigeons.

"And when I saw this picture, I suddenly thought of a way to work out a compromise and have the orchestra and raise money for the fund, too. We'll have a white elephant sale. Every girl will have to bring at least one contribution, and the boys we invite will have to buy things from the sale table."

Not waiting for comment from her mother she sped off to the telephone to tell it all over again to Judy. "So will you call a special meeting for tomorrow afternoon, Judy? I know it will work."

When she came back to tell her mother

that Judy thought it a super idea, Mrs. Marcey was looking at the picture with a smile. "Amusing, don't you think, if your escort bought this for you?" Then she threw an arm about Lynn's shoulders. "I think you've worked out a good solution, darling."

THE NEXT afternoon, Lynn wasn't so sure. When she got up to speak after Judy had called the meeting to order, the room seemed full of undercurrents of yesterday's hostility. She took a deep breath and began.

They listened, at least. Lynn watched Caro, for she was really the key. There was no answering smile on Caro's face. In a minute her lips are going to curl in that mocking way of hers, Lynn thought, desperately. Then an idea seemed to come from nowhere.

"... and, of course, Caro should be the one to preside over the sale table. Not all of the time, of course, because she'd want to dance. We could spell her. But she should be in charge, because there's no one who can be as amusing as she can. To make the thing go, it's got to be—well, witty is the word, I guess."

Caro didn't smile, but the mocking look never came. There were nods and little answering yeses, and then a buzz, as Lynn sat down. The sharpness was gone.

Judy stood up. "I think it's a swell idea. Especially if Caro will be master of ceremonies. Will you, Caro?"

"Well, if you think it would be a help," Caro said slowly. "Of course, I think it's a rather childish idea, but people always seem to fall for it, so why not?"

Everyone applauded. Lynn saw that Hallie was on her feet.

"My father said last night," Hallie began shyly, "that if we raised enough money to pay half the cost of the orchestra, he'd—he'd contribute the other half."

There was a murmur of approval. Then Caro stood up again.

"I think that's very nice of him, Hallie. Except that I'll bet you anything we won't need it. Just you wait till I get going at that white elephant table!"

Because she was Caro, her voice was slightly scornful. But Lynn knew that no one minded. Everyone was laughing and talking. And then the meeting broke up.

"No—not broke up," Lynn corrected herself that night when she was telling her mother about it. "That's not the right word. Because this time we were all together."

THE END

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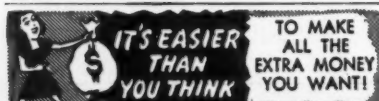
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SPEAKING OF MOVIES



THE CAPTURE—Sharing stellar honors with Teresa Wright, Lew Ayres plays the part of a rugged Westerner in this picture. The story, laid against the colorful background of Mexico, deals with the problem of a man obsessed by the memory of an injustice he has done, and his efforts to atone. Backed by a fine supporting cast, the stars keep the action smooth and interesting to the very end. (RKO)

CAPTAIN CAREY, U.S.A.—This is an action-packed drama laid in postwar Italy, with Alan Ladd right in the middle of all the intrigue and excitement. Wanda Hendrix is the heroine, and an old favorite, Francis Lederer, long absent from the screen, has a supporting role. It is a fast-moving story, with plenty of suspense, and gives Alan Ladd an opportunity to turn in a particularly fine performance. (Paramount)



THE EAGLE AND THE HAWK—As a Texas Ranger, John Payne is assigned to guide Dennis O'Keefe on a secret mission into Mexico, in the days when Napoleon III of France was scheming to make Archduke Maximilian of Austria the emperor of Mexico. The story, involving missing arms shipments and a plot to invade Texas, is based on actual historical events and was filmed in Technicolor. (Paramount)

THE REFORMER AND THE RED-HEAD—Dick Powell and June Allyson are the stars of this gay comedy. When the zoo, of which June's father, Cecil Kellaway, is superintendent, gets involved in politics, redheaded June takes a hand. With the aid of a local orphanage, she backs Powell's campaign for mayor and makes him truly a reform candidate. Two temperamental lions also are featured in the cast. (M-G-M)



by BERTHA JANCKE LUECK

Adventure on Wheels

(Continued from page 17)

extra inner tube and hand pump. And to be on the safe side, if you ride at night, take your flashlight and a few extra batteries.

BEFORE setting out on your trip, see that your bike is in good condition. Inspect it a few days before the trip, so that if it should need any complicated repairs you will have time to consult your local bike shop. Check brakes, oil the movable parts, inflate tires to the proper pressure, tighten loose nuts and bolts, and then you're all set.

Some cyclists can start out on a trip from their own doorstep. They are more fortunate than thousands of city bike riders who have to pedal through miles of heavy traffic. Many cyclists find it wiser to take a train, plane, or automobile to the area in which they desire to ride.

A bicycle can be checked through to your destination on a train ticket for no extra charge. Check to see if your train has a baggage car and also find out what time to bring your bike to the station to get it aboard. With an automobile, you can attach your bike to the back of the car, drive to a desired area, and then bike around.

Whether you go on trips for recreation and vacation, or because you are interested in the history and geography of the American countryside, in knowing and understanding people from other regions, or in an exhilarating form of exercise in a natural setting, you will soon know the pleasant roll and pitch of the open road on a bicycle. Nature is close—to be photographed, to be painted, to be seen, to be remembered.

IF YOU ARE planning to take a long bike trip—a week or more—you may want to consider hosteling.

Many thousands of cyclists are members of The American Youth Hostels, Inc.

The privilege of joining the AYH and using hostels is open to anyone, of any race, religion, or nationality, between the ages of nine and ninety, who travels "under his own steam." "Own steam" may be on a bicycle, canoe, skis, or just on foot.

Hosteling is probably the least expensive way to travel, and for that reason is attractive to so many people—especially young people living on a low budget.

The AYH movement is fairly new in this country and perhaps not so well known as it should be. It started here in 1934, after being brought over from Europe by Monroe and Isabel Smith, two American schoolteachers. While making a survey of youth organizations, the Smiths observed the European hostel movement and saw many youths and older persons enjoying the outdoors, becoming acquainted with their own and other countries. These hostellers, by hiking or cycling through the country, seemed to the Smiths to have a "practical understanding and appreciation of nature and how people live."

They determined to bring the idea back to the United States. With great zeal the Smiths set up the first youth hostel in Northfield, Massachusetts. That hostel (or shelter) became the center from which sprang more than one hundred hostels all over the country.

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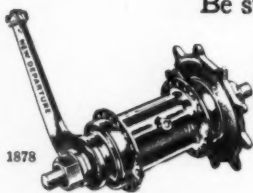
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York City, AYH is part of the International Youth Hostel Federation, comprising twenty-five countries, with a total membership of a quarter of a million.

In the United States, hostels are sponsored by local groups interested in the movement and in establishing a hostel in their community. Shelter may be furnished to the hosteler in barns, old houses, former Navy barracks, or even the back part of a house. Most of them are comfortable, and all of them are clean although very simple.

Sleeping quarters for men and women are separate, but there is a common kitchen where hostellers can cook their meals. Some hostels have a game room or common lounge equipped with phonograph and radio, and there is usually space for square dances.

All you have to do to become a member is to apply to your nearest AYH Council—there are several of these local organizations throughout the United States—or write to American Youth Hostels, Inc., 6 East 39th Street, New York 18, New York.

Membership passes entitle you to use any of the hostels in this country as well as twenty-five other countries. There are five kinds of passes:

Youth Pass, for those under 21, \$2.

Adult Pass, for those 21 or over, \$3.

Youth Organization Pass, for a group of ten, and one or two adult leaders, from a recognized youth agency, \$5.

Adult Organization Pass, for a group of ten members of a recognized adult organization, \$10.

Family Pass, for parents and any number of their children under 21, \$5.

Members, besides receiving the "AYH Handbook," also get "Hosteling," the quarterly magazine. The handbook has listings of all the hostels in the United States with pertinent information regarding them. It gives location, names of house parents, facilities available, nearest shopping center, and things to do and see in the vicinity.

THE AYH through its handbook and hosteling magazine makes recommendations as to food, bike safety, equipment, and other important items. For example, it recommends for hosteling the lightweight touring bike with gearshifts.

The greatest variety in hostels is found in the New England area where the chain of hostels is so spaced—from twenty to sixty miles apart—that you can get a good sampling of various types.

Many biking groups are sponsored by the AYH. This means that the group is on a scheduled trip led by trained AYH leaders. Besides short day trips out of the city and longer week-end trips, AYH scheduled trips take cyclists into Mexico, Alaska, and Canada. There are trips to Europe where hostellers, besides cycling over the continent, spend time helping to rebuild European hostels.

THE END

If you'd like more suggestions about the fun and adventure you can have with your bike, you'll want to read "Bike-Ways" by Godfrey Frankel, a book to be published soon by Sterling Publishing Company, New York City. This article is a condensation of two chapters from "Bike-Ways."

ARE YOU GOING TO MOVE?

Give The American Girl at least six weeks' notice, so as not to miss any issues. Be sure to send your old as well as your new address to The American Girl, 155 E. 44th St., N. Y. 17.

The Heart Is in Danger

(Continued from page 6)

grave, concerned look was more than she could stand. She pressed the back of her hand to her trembling mouth and started on. He fell in step with her.

"Kappy, please. You're so distant and changed. You worry me. I haven't even seen you swimming with the crowd."

Kappy's eyes flashed. What business was it of his what she did? "I have other things to do," she answered stiffly.

"Buried in a musty library," he went on indignantly. "You're getting to be just like Miss Prosser—a dried-up old fossil."

She faced him like a trapped, tormented creature. "Soren Sorenson, that from you—of all people! I thought"—her voice broke—"that *you* at least would understand. But you're cold and hard, without any feelings."

She would have flung away, but he caught her wrist in a hard grip. His lips were white, his eyes blazing.

"You know that isn't so, Katherine Truesdale. You know what I've felt. We've shared the same thing. But it hasn't made a quitter or a coward of me. I'm not going to be like old man Salser who lost his nerve in a wreck thirty-five years ago, and now putters around mending lobster pots and eating his heart out with regrets." He pulled her around to face him. "I'd hate to see you turn into another Prosser, Kappy." His voice was husky with emotion. "She was engaged once, you know, but her fiancé was lost at sea. An uncle of mine wanted to marry her, and *Mor* says she really liked him, but she turned him down. Do you think her life has been richer or happier than *Mor's*?"

As they faced each other in silence, there rose suddenly a terrible sound—a piteous howl, yelps of anguish.

Kappy blanched. "What can it be?" She shuddered, the thudding of her heart giving her the answer even as she asked.

"A dog—must be hurt or something."

Kappy began to walk apprehensively toward the sound. It seemed to come from the foot of their street, but of course Cinders had been left properly shut up.

She saw people clustering in a knot. Cars kept speeding along Main street. She ran and pushed herself into the little crowd.

Eleanor sat on the sidewalk, holding a limp black dog on her lap.

Soren knelt quickly beside them. "Where's he hurt? Hit in the chest? Cut on this front leg? That's not so bad. Let's get him to the vet's. I've got the car parked near by. Just sit tight till I get it, Eleanor."

The little girl nodded, her eyes glazed with fear.

"He'll be all right," she kept repeating tonelessly. "You'll be all right, Cinders."

Kappy's heart contracted, as she stood by, helplessly waiting. Cinders lay much too still in Eleanor's arms, no longer even whimpering. Internal injuries, probably. Poor Eleanor kept trying to reassure herself.

"He'll be all right, won't he, Kappy? Just a cut on his leg, not even broken. The vet will fix it, won't he, Kappy?"

Kappy responded, not very convincingly, "Yes, darling. The vet will fix it."

But she was thinking, Oh, poor baby, life doesn't even spare children.

The car was at the curb. Eleanor carefully laid Cinders on the back seat and sat down beside him. Kappy got in front with Soren. She looked back at the still figure of Cinders

and shook her head hopelessly at Soren.

Dr. Mortimer's little white Cape Cod cottage was in the same block as the library. As the trio got out of the car to go around to the wing he used as hospital and office, they met Miss Prosser, dressed in her usual prim, navy-blue polka-dotted dress, her gray hair pulled in a tight knot under her stiff straw hat. Her pale eyes peered anxiously from behind her glasses.

"Dear me, what's this?" she quivered, and answered herself immediately. "Why, it's Cinders—struck by an automobile, I'll warrant. A town is no place for a dog, I always say. Too many hazards."

"I was so careful of him," defended Eleanor. "I never let him run, but he got away by accident today."

Miss Prosser nodded. "It's bound to happen."

"When he grows up, he'll have more sense. I'm going to train him," Eleanor said stoutly. "This won't happen again."

Miss Prosser looked doubtful. She started to open her lips again, but Soren interrupted, his eyes on Eleanor's strained face.

"Come on, Eleanor, let's get him into the office."

Miss Prosser detained Kappy with a whisper. "If I were you, Katherine, I'd have Dr. Mortimer put that dog out of his misery, and spare yourselves the agony of going through this sort of thing all over again some other time."

Slowly Kappy followed Eleanor and Soren. The doctor had the little dog stretched on a table and was cautiously examining him, while Eleanor's eyes clung to his face.

"He'll be all right, won't he?" she asked fearfully.

Dr. Mortimer was noncommittal. "Can't



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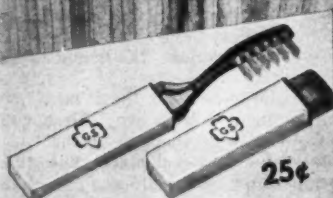
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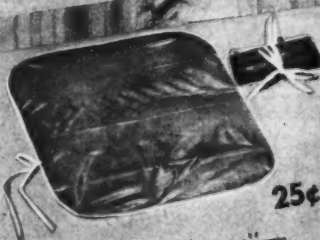
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say as to that just yet. We'll have to watch him all night and see how he is in the morning. If he pulls through till then, he'll be all right."

It was a silent threesome that got back in the front seat of Soren's car. Kappy hadn't taken Miss Prosser's advice and given the veterinarian an order to end the dog's suffering, though she wished she had—to spare Eleanor the next twenty-four hours as much as anything. But she couldn't do it without talking it over with Eleanor, and the fierce determination on her little sister's face forbade even mention of such a thing.

THERE were dark circles under Eleanor's eyes at breakfast the next morning. She was so resolute and cheerful, though, that Kappy felt a surge of admiration for her. Neither of them ate very much, and as soon as they had finished they went to see Cinders.

When they stepped into Dr. Mortimer's office, Cinders lifted his head from his pallet. His tail thumped when he heard Eleanor's voice. There were tears in her eyes for the first time as she turned to Kappy.

"Oh, he's better," she smiled tremulously. "Kappy, aren't you glad?"

Kappy's yes was very low. Of course, she was glad, yet her heart ached for Eleanor.

"But he's going to mean a lot of trouble for you, Eleanor. A dog is a big responsibility, and his loss is a great sorrow if anything happens to him."

"I know," Eleanor squared her shoulders, suddenly sounding quite grown-up. "I even faced the fact that I will have to lose him some day, but the happiness he brings me meanwhile will more than pay for that. I thought about it last night. I never really have before. But when he got hurt I realized I'd have to take better care of him. I thought maybe I ought to give him away to someone in the country so he'd be safer. But, Kappy, I can't do it. I love him so much. I never realized until last night how much I love him. I'm so glad he's going to get well that I won't mind what I have to give up to take care of him or how much trouble it is."

Kappy was thinking: the courage of Eleanor. She's faced it, and knows what the cost is—and yet she's brave enough to risk her heart by giving it away!

Abruptly Kappy headed for the street and the safety of the library, and bumped into a tall, blond viking turning briskly into the drive. He looked sober when he saw Kappy's face.

"Worse?"

"No, better."

"Then—why this?"

He laid a finger on her cheek, drawing it down a tear track.

She shook her head. "I don't know. Only—Eleanor's so little and so brave—and I—"

"Come now, Kappy. You are too, really. For instance, you'd probably come riding if I asked you again for tonight, wouldn't you? You're not really going to shut yourself forever away from everyone and everything in a card catalogue, are you?"

Kappy looked at him for a long, long time—at his tanned cheeks, his lips so firm and sure, and his eyes so clear and gentle and understanding. His hand rested lightly on her shoulder. She put hers up to touch it.

"No," she said, and her strained lips parted in a smile, "not really, Soren. I'll come with you tonight."

And start living again, she added to herself, but he knew what she meant, as much as if she had said it aloud.

THE END

**THE FASHIONS
ON PAGES 18 THROUGH 21
ARE AT THESE STORES**

THE PRIZE PURCHASE SHOWN ON
PAGE 18 COMES IN WHITE OVER
PALE BLUE, PINK, OR YELLOW.

Albany, N. Y. Wm. Whitney Co.
Baltimore, Md. Hutzler Bros.
Boston, Mass. Filene's
Brooklyn, N. Y. Abraham & Straus
Cincinnati, O. Shillito's
Clayton, Mo. Famous-Barr Co.
Cleveland, O. Halle Bros. Co.
Detroit, Mich. Hudson's
Indianapolis, Ind. Wm. H. Block Co.
Kansas City, Mo. Macy's
Los Angeles, Calif. Bullock's
Memphis, Tenn. Goldsmith's
Miami, Fla. Burdine's, Inc.
New York, N. Y. Bloomingdale's
Omaha, Neb. J. L. Brandeis & Sons
Philadelphia, Pa. John Wanamaker
Pittsburgh, Pa. Joseph Horne Co.
Portland, Ore. Meier & Frank Co.
Richmond, Va. Thalheimer's
St. Louis, Mo. Famous-Barr Co.
San Antonio, Tex. Joske's
Seattle, Wash. Frederick & Nelson
Sioux City, Iowa Younker Davidson's
Toledo, O. La Salle & Koch
Washington, D. C. Woodward & Lothrop

**GRADUATION DRESS ON PAGE 19
BY TEEN FASHIONS**

Brooklyn, N. Y. Abraham & Straus
Cleveland, O. Halle Bros.
Denver, Colo. Neusteter's
Detroit, Mich. Hudson's
Houston, Tex. The Fashion
Minneapolis, Minn. Rothschild-Young Quinlan
Philadelphia, Pa. Blum Store
Pittsburgh, Pa. Kaufmann's
San Francisco, Calif. Jos. Magnin Co.
Washington, D. C. Woodward & Lothrop

**SUNBACK DRESS ON PAGE 21
BY BORGENICHT BROS.**

Detroit, Mich. Hudson's
Hartford, Conn. Sage-Allen
Indianapolis, Ind. Wm. H. Block Co.
Los Angeles, Calif. May Co.
New York, N. Y. B. Altman
Philadelphia, Pa. Strawbridge & Clothier
Richmond, Va. Thalheimer's
Tulsa, Okla. Seidenbach's
Washington, D. C. Woodward & Lothrop
Winston-Salem, N. C. Sosnik-Thalheimer's

THE AMERICAN GIRL



Like an Angel of Mercy to blemished skin

**Here's marvelous help for
a teen-age problem—
*externally-caused blemishes!**

● Facial blemishes are such a nuisance! They're embarrassing—cause you to miss dates—spoil your fun.

Certain kinds are from internal causes—strictly a problem for your doctor. But many girls suffer from blemishes caused by outside dust and dirt. Here's a marvelous new routine actually developed by a doctor to help with this annoying skin problem.

Here's All You Do

1. Morning—Apply Noxzema all over your face. With a wet face cloth "cream-wash with Noxzema"—just as you would with soap. Note how *really* clean your face looks and feels.

After drying face, smooth on a protective film of greaseless Noxzema.

2. Evening—Again "creamwash with medicated Noxzema." Wash away the day's accumulation of dirt and grime!

Now massage dainty, greaseless Noxzema into your face. Pat a little extra over any blemishes to help heal them.

There's the doctor's simple beauty routine. And it really works! In fact, 181 young women tried this new beauty aid in a carefully supervised

test. Each had something wrong with her skin—blemishes, roughness, dryness, etc. Each used Noxzema, followed the doctor's new beauty routine.

Amazing Results

After one week, the majority showed remarkable improvement. After two weeks, 4 out of 5 showed softer, smoother, lovelier-looking skin.



Lovely Deena Winslett of Fort Worth first used Noxzema to help heal blemishes*. "Now I use it as a soothing protective cream," she says, "and as my regular night cream, too."

Cute Nancy Ryan of Cleveland says, "Since using Noxzema I have no trouble keeping my skin looking clear and unblemished. I use it every night—it's so soothing on my skin."



Try it yourself! See if you aren't thrilled with results. Noxzema is the favorite beauty cream of many teen-agers, nurses, models, actresses—over 25,000,000 jars used yearly. **At all drug and cosmetic counters. 40¢, 60¢, \$1.00 plus tax. Get your jar today.**



Don't Be a Babe in the Woods

by CATHARINE C. REILEY

Drawing by Jerry Cummins

RUTH ABERLE, a Girl Scout in Kelso, Washington, got lost in the woods. She knew she couldn't find her way back home, so she used her head and stayed in one place. The rescue party found her without too much trouble because she did just that.

A young boy we knew, Sonny White, was lost in the desert while riding. As soon as he knew he was lost, he stayed in one place and spent the night, not worrying, but rolled up in his blanket, peacefully sleeping. He used his head.

No matter how well you know a place, or think you know it, there is no guarantee against getting lost. But there are precautions you can take that reduce to a minimum the chances of getting lost in either familiar or strange territory.

If you are with a group, stay with it! And when hiking off the beaten path, no matter where, hike with a buddy.

One of the smart things to do is to get a map of the area you are going to be in, study it carefully before you go, and take it with you. You can use large-scale road maps or topographical maps. The latter can be purchased in some stationery stores; or send to the Superintendent of Documents, Washington, D. C., and ask for free catalog #53 which lists various types of maps.

Of equal importance is to learn how to use a compass, and to carry one with you. Get one with a luminous dial if possible. With these two aids, the chances of getting lost in the woods, in the mountains, in the desert, are small indeed.

If there is any possibility that you will be out after dark, be sure to carry with you at least a pencil flashlight, and be sure it is in working order before you go. A flashlight

that doesn't work is just about as much use as a spare tire without air!

Another good thing to take with you when walking in strange places is a box of safety matches in a waterproof case. Or, take along ordinary kitchen matches you have waterproofed yourself by dipping each match, for half its length, into melted wax. Carry these in a small tin box.

Also, carry a jackknife with you and be sure it is sharp. If you do get lost and the night is cold, and you are in the woods, you will be glad that you have a jackknife for cutting shavings to start a fire for warmth. You will start the fire, of course, only in a place where you have cleared the leaves and grass away with your feet and hands. This cleared area should be at least four feet in diameter. It would be tragic enough to be lost without setting a forest fire, too.

It is a good idea to carry a good, shrill whistle with you. If you are lost, blow that whistle at intervals. As you blow it, use the Morse code distress signal, known the world around: S O S, three short blasts, three long blasts, and three short blasts.

No one can guarantee that you won't lose your compass while walking, or that the map won't drop out of your pocket. No matter what else you lose—don't lose your head!

If, despite all your precautions, you do get lost, there are things you can do to try to find your way again. If the sun is shining, you can find your directions. The sun rises in the east and sets in the west. At noon it is overhead, but a little to the south. If you face the sun in the morning, you will be facing nearly east. The north will be on your left hand. If you face the sun at noon-time, you are facing nearly south. The north is behind you. If you face the sun in the

afternoon, you are facing nearly west. The north is on your right hand. Should the day be cloudy or foggy, you'd better make yourself as comfortable as possible and stay where you are till the sun appears.

North of the equator there is one constant compass point—the North Star, sometimes called the Pole Star. It is in a straight line beyond the two Pointer Stars at the end of the Big Dipper, which is part of the constellation known as the Big Bear or Ursa Major. If you face the North Star, the east is on your right, the west on your left, and south at your back.

If, when lost, you come upon high-tension wires, sometimes called cross-country wires, follow those. They are usually erected along the shortest distance between two towns.

When there is snow on the ground, and no new snow is falling to cover your tracks, you can usually backtrack and retrace your own footsteps to familiar territory.

If the worst should come to the worst and you are lost in the woods on a freezing cold night, don't thrash around and try to keep yourself warm by exercise. You will need all the strength you have. If you get into a sweat, your clothes get wet and then you will be colder than ever. Clear a place on the ground, then build a fire, and keep yourself warm with it. A small fire will do. You can even make yourself comfortable on some boughs, dead ferns, or grass, and take a nap in front of that fire. You won't freeze because as soon as the fire gets down you will feel uncomfortable and wake up.

So—first of all, try to prepare yourself so you won't get lost, but if you do, and nothing you do helps you to find your way, stay in one place. People will come looking for you, never fear!

THE END

Vacationing Sunny Side Up



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of your gang—you can tell
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chambray. Sanforized and
fast color. Sizes 10-18.
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caught their eyes...

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8-164a 4.50



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zipper. Copper riveted.
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City..... Zone..... State.....

Right: Brownie Scouts from Spartanburg, South Carolina, talk by transatlantic telephone to English Brownies

Below: And in the Guild Hall at Kingston-Upon-Thames, the English girls wait to talk to their South Carolina friends



Surrey and South London Picture Service

All Over

✿ The Girl Scouts' thirty-eighth anniversary had a very special significance this year, for it brought them their biggest and best birthday present to date—a Congressional Charter. The bill which authorized the charter was introduced in the House of Representatives by Representative Mary T. Norton of New Jersey, and passed the House on February 16. The Senate approved the bill on March 13, and it became a law on March 16 when it was signed by President Truman. Girl Scouts are justly proud of their Congressional Charter, for there are only a few other organizations in the United States which have been so honored by the Congress.

✿ On the "Joe DiMaggio Show" over CBS, the famous baseball player recently presented to the Girl Scouts of the U.S.A. his "Award of the Week" for outstanding community service. The award was given in recognition of work done on "Schoolmates Overseas," the current Girl Scout service project, through which girls in communities all over this country are sending school supplies to girls in other lands. Girl Scout Janet von Wettberg of Wilmington, Delaware, proudly accepted the award on behalf of the more than a million Girl Scouts in this country. In addition to the nation-wide "Schoolmates Overseas" project, here are some examples of the many other activities in the field of international friendship which Girl Scout troops are initiating and carrying out: A troop of Brownies in Spartanburg, South Carolina, crowned their friendship with a group of English girls by a transatlantic telephone call to their friends in Kingston-upon-Thames, England. The English and American girls had exchanged photographs, post cards, and Thinking Day gifts, and "met" personally when they talked with one another on an especially arranged telephone call, broadcast over radio station WSPA in Spartanburg. The whole affair was so successful that the radio station wants to repeat the call next Christmas. In Monessen, Pennsylvania, Troop 23 held an international party, one of the features of which was a display of beautiful dolls from foreign countries. Two plays with inter-

national backgrounds, written by one of the troop members, were presented, and the girls and their guests joined in singing songs of other countries. Even the refreshments, made and served by the girls, carried out the international theme. The leader writes that the troop now is more interested than ever in international friendship. And so it goes—by correspondence, by telephone calls and radio broadcasts, by learning about the traditions and customs and daily lives of girls in countries other than their own, Girl Guides and Girl Scouts are forging a chain of friendship reaching around the world.

✿ Senior Troop 2 of Berlin, Connecticut, has hit upon a novel way to collect gifts to be sent overseas—they organized a "for keeps" scavenger hunt! First the townspeople were informed through the local newspaper that the Girl Scouts were planning the hunt, and were told what would be asked for. On the evening of the hunt, the girls and their dates were divided into groups of four, and each unit visited a designated area, so that no one was asked more than once for a donation. The groups were given lists of suggested items, but no restrictions were put on the number which might be collected. A time limit was set, and the group which made the most calls and brought in the greatest number of items received a prize. After everything that had been collected was listed and stored away, the girls and their dates enjoyed square dancing and games. As they made their calls, the various groups listed the names of those who had donated, and the troop sent thank-you notes to everyone who had contributed. At a later meeting the items were packaged and wrapped, and the girls found that they had collected over one hundred pounds of gifts for shipment overseas. The girls feel that one of the reasons for the success of the hunt was the fact that people were told, well in advance of the date set, the time and the purpose of the hunt, and the way in which it would be conducted. Perhaps such a "for keeps" scavenger hunt could be used by other troops to gather material for "Schoolmates Overseas" bags.

Crowded with more than five hundred Girl Scouts, and men and women interested in Girl Scouting, the grand ballroom of the Hotel Roosevelt in New York City recently was the scene of the best-attended annual luncheon in the history of the Girl Scout Council of Greater New York. One of the highlights of the meeting was the report of the Senior Girl Scout Planning Board of Greater New York, telling of the activities of the Senior Girl Scouts of the area during the previous year. Among other things, these girls planned and carried out a Senior Conference attended by 465 girls, at which plans were formulated for the development of Senior Girl Scouting in Greater New York. Two of the most stimulating activities sponsored by the Planning Board were an International Night at which the two New York delegates to the International Encampment in Sweden were honored, and a political forum at which representatives from the major political parties were speakers. New York Senior Scouts acted as hostesses to the international guests of the Herald Tribune High School Forum, and to other out-of-town visitors, including a group of Puerto Rican Girl Scouts, and several Campfire Girls from Detroit. At the New York Daily Mirror Youth Forum a New York Senior Scout served as chairman of a discussion group, and still others represented the Girl Scouts of the U.S.A. at the National Education Association Conference. Not all of their activities, however, were on the serious side: one of their most successful ventures was a Charm Clinic sponsored by a large cosmetic company; another very enjoyable event was the party they gave for members of the various committees of the Planning Board, with Tex and Jinx McCrary and Helen Hayes as guests.

When the Senior Girl Scout troop in Hannibal, Missouri decided to take up the Wing Scout program, they were fortunate enough to have a room at the local airport made available

for a meeting room. The airport is some distance from town, so only two meetings a month are held there, but the troop arranged for additional meetings to be held in the local high school. The owner of the airport, who gave them the use of the room, also agreed to give a series of lectures on airplane construction and mechanics. Additional lectures were given by a member of the Council Committee who had served in the war, and the Red Cross co-operated with the girls by giving them a basic first-aid course. The troop has managed to get plenty of fun into their program, too, in addition to the serious business of learning about aeronautics. During the holidays they gave a party at the airport for the girls and their dates, with dancing, games, and plenty of refreshments. As soon as good weather permits them to become more active at the field, they expect to begin putting into practice some of the things they have learned during the winter's course of lectures.

CORRECTION: In the April issue, gremlins attacked the caption under the group of photographs showing the delivery of the Milwaukee Girl Scouts' schoolbags for overseas, with the result that it was completely garbled. We offer our sincere apologies to all concerned, and herewith publish the caption as it should have appeared in "All Over the Map" on page 42 of the April issue:

Milwaukee Girl Scouts place cartons of schoolbags on plane; Girl Scouts of Milwaukee deliver packages for Poland to Mr. F. X. Swietlik, president of Marquette University and head of American Relief for Poland; Girl Scouts of Greater New York present schoolbags to Mrs. Charles Malik, wife of the Lebanese minister to the United States, and to General Carlos P. Romulo, Philippine ambassador and president of the fourth session of the United Nations General Assembly.

THE END

the Map

Headline News

in Girl Scouting

CBS Photo



THE AMERICAN GIRL



Paul Parker

Above: The Hon. Mary T. Norton, who introduced the bill for a Congressional Charter for the Girl Scouts of the U.S.A., with her two Girl Scout nieces

Left: Accepting his Award of the Week for the Girl Scouts, Janet von Wettberg shows Joe DiMaggio a "Schoolmates" bag





HIGH POINT, NORTH CAROLINA: I liked *The Game of Science* in the March issue, so I tried the dancing mothballs and it was very interesting.

CAROLYN CAGLE (age 11)

BRISTOL, TENNESSEE: *The Silent Oboe* was the first story I read in the March issue because I am in the Tennessee High Band here in Bristol. One of my best friends, Daphne McCord, plays the oboe. I play the clarinet. I thought that it was a wonderful story and I wish you had more of them like it.

I like your pattern page because I make some of my clothes. I took the course at Singer to learn. It was fun.

Hats off to a swell magazine!

BETTY SPRADLYN (age 14)

BALTIMORE, MARYLAND: I have just read Part One of *Daystar* and I can hardly wait for the next issue. I also like the articles on Girl Scouts as I am a Scout.

JEAN KEEFER (age 13)

WINONA, MINNESOTA: I thought your article *The Game of Science* was wonderful! I am very interested in science.

Your story *Daystar* is very good. I thought *Waverly* was a very good book and I think Miss Walden wrote that, also.

JAYE EDDIE (age 12)

ROCHESTER, NEW HAMPSHIRE: In the March issue there was a letter from a boy. I think more boys should read *THE AMERICAN GIRL*. My brother is always after mine and if he gets the chance he reads it before I hardly know what the cover picture is!

JANE POMROY (age 14)

PORT ORCHARD, WASHINGTON: I have just finished reading the first chapter of *Daystar* and it was super! I think this is going to be one of the best serials you've ever had.

There is one thing I wish you had more of, and that is more quizzes. Could you also have an article especially for shut-ins? I'm a patient at a tuberculosis sanatorium in Port Orchard, Washington.

GAYLE SMITH (age 15)

WATERTOWN, CONNECTICUT: I especially liked *Trail Blazers* and *The Silent Oboe* in your March issue. Your patterns are cute and I am thinking of making myself a dress. *Stand Up for Your Figure* was a wonderful article and I think it will help many girls.

My mother likes *THE AMERICAN GIRL*, too, and always reads it. We are going to try one of your recipes.

PATRICIA DONAHUE (age 12)

HERNDON, VIRGINIA: I was especially interested in your story *The Silent Oboe*. I play first oboe in the Herndon School Band and on February 10-11-12 I played first oboe in the Virginia All State Band at Winchester. I sympathize with all boys and girls who get stage fright, but if you go on and play a few times before an audience you will gradually overcome it. I have played in piano recitals and I have played trumpet and oboe solos before many organizations. This will be my second year to enter a solo in the district contest.

I am in the eighth grade and am a First Class Scout.

MARY MARTHA TAYLOR (age 13)

ANNISTON, ALABAMA: I really enjoyed *The Silent Oboe*, *Trail Blazers*, and *Middle Child*. *Stand Up for Your Figure* has helped me a lot. Your wonderful fashion tips are helpful to me in so many ways.

I am a Girl Scout and I enjoy reading your stories on Scouting.

CAROLE MARIE DEW (age 11)

HOWARD, SOUTH DAKOTA: I like your articles about Girl Scouts, as I have been one for about two years, and this magazine has helped me to earn some of my badges.

AVIS ANDERSON (age 13)

MANILA, PHILIPPINES: I think your magazine is just super. *All Over the Map* is very helpful in Scouting, as I am a member of the Junior Troop of the American School. Our Girl Scout uniform is very different from the uniforms worn by the Girl Scouts in the States. It is green with a white neckerchief.

Would you please have some fashions for the tropics? We need some nice cool dresses here as it gets quite hot.

LEETO HALL (age 12)

APPLETON, WISCONSIN: I enjoyed *As Artists See Her* very much because I am interested in art. Al Moore and Ray Prohaska came closest to what I think is "The Typical American Girl," though they all were wonderful.

SANDRA SCHLAFKE (age 12)

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA: I especially enjoyed *Stand Up for Your Figure*, *The Game of Science*, and *Middle Child*. Such features as *Recipe Exchange* and *Speaking of Movies* can be shared with the whole family, which is another good feature. Thanks again!

MARYJO MURPHEY

BELLEVILLE, ILLINOIS: I thought the article *Stand Up for Your Figure* was very good. I also like *Your Own Recipe Exchange*. The

stories *Middle Child* and *The Silent Oboe* were the best I have read in quite a while.

Your Girl Scout news is very interesting as I am a member of Troop 44.

OLIVE GAIL ENGEL (age 11)

ROME, NEW YORK: I am a Girl Scout and enjoy *All Over the Map*. I think your serial *Garnet Lodge* was wonderful, and your new serial *Daystar* is just tops. Your patterns fascinate me very much. Please enlarge your department on books.

DORA MAY JONES

NORTH HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA: I enjoyed *Garnet Lodge* very much and it looks like *Daystar* is going to be even better. I thought *The Silent Oboe* and *Middle Child* were also very good.

I have a complaint to make. I don't think you should always have models on your covers. It would be much more interesting if you had other things such as animals, scenes, etc. Otherwise I think your magazine is just wonderful and I look forward to it every month.

JUDY BRUHL (age 15)

ROANOKE, VIRGINIA: I took your suggestion for *Round-the-World Hobby* and I find it very interesting. I have a suggestion to make to others who might be collecting postmarks. Cut out the little square entitled "Picture Postmarks" from the "Collier's Magazine." This helps me a whole lot. I write to my pen pals and relatives in other States and tell them to write to their friends in other parts of the world, so they help me out on my collecting, too. This is indeed a very interesting hobby.

SARAH CAYNEX (age 13)

BEIRUT, LEBANON: I think that your *AMERICAN GIRL* is super. I always wait its arrival so anxiously every month. I wish it could come out more than once a month.

I am fourteen and a half years old. Over here, girls my age rarely wear any lipstick. But I do every now and then. But all our clothes are "new look."

I like your stories, jokes, and articles very much. Your recipes and fashions are lovely, too. One other item I enjoy greatly is *All Over the Map*.

Now that the swimming season is approaching, why don't you print some articles about swimming, it being my favorite sport. I would love some talk about ballet dancing, too. My favorite "things" in life are swimming, music (both classical and jazz) and ballet dancing.

Thanks very much for a wonderfully interesting magazine.

NADIA SABA (age 14)

MAYSVILLE, KENTUCKY: I am a member of Girl Scout Troop 57 and am working for my First Class Badge.

I have quite an interest in music, but my greatest love is sports. I play oboe in the High School Band, therefore I particularly liked *The Silent Oboe*. I also liked *Terry and the Team*, and all of your sports stories published in previous issues are superb. But why not have some more "horse and dog" stories?

Although I don't have an interest in recipes, your recipe exchange is swell for those who do.

CAROL OSBORNE (age 14)

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS: I especially liked *Daystar* and *Middle Child*. I enjoy *Turntable Tips*. I belong to the Girl Scouts in Chicago, and I like the news about the Girl Scouts. News of different Scouts in other countries is very interesting.

MARILYN ECKER (age 12)

DENTON, TEXAS: You have a wonderful magazine! I love the interesting stories.

Your patterns are just what every girl wants. I like *Teen Shop Talk*, too.

Keep up the good work.

MARY DAWSON (age 13)

PALOS VERDES ESTATES, CALIFORNIA: I liked the article *As Artists See Her* very much and also what was on the next three pages. I like the idea of having the paintings for covers, too. I thought *Trail Blazers* was interesting, especially about Maria Mitchell. I'm interested in astronomy, also, and I wish you'd print something in this magazine about it. Please?

DRUSILLA EATON (age 13)

HOUGHTON, MICHIGAN: I think I am about your youngest reader, and for that reason I was afraid to write, until I saw Marvin Dillbeck, a boy, had written to you.

I like most of your stories but I do wish you would print more stories about doctors and nurses and their work. I like skiing very much, so whenever *THE AMERICAN GIRL* arrives I look for articles about skiing. Could you have more of them, please?

I asked my Girl Scout troop leader if our troop could make the schoolbags suggested in *Schoolmates Overseas* in *THE AMERICAN GIRL* for January, 1950. We are! Thanks for the suggestion.

GRETCHEN GUNDLACH (age 10)

AUBURN, NEW YORK: I liked *The Silent Oboe* because I am in almost the same predicament as the oboist was. I play second flute in the Auburn All High Band and Orchestra and I am afraid that the first flute player will have mumps on concert night. She has quite a few solos. I can play the parts perfectly, only in an audience I get scared.

I am in Troop 28 and I like your fashions, covers, jokes and stories but I wish you would have more stories about instruments.

BETTY YOUNG (age 11)

ATLANTIC, IOWA: Most of my girl friends read *THE AMERICAN GIRL*. I think your stories are all swell. I especially liked *Middle Child* as it was so truthful.

Your patterns are swell.

DELORES HANSEN (age 13)

Please send your letters to *The American Girl*, 155 East 44th St., New York 17, N. Y., and tell us your age and address.

THE AMERICAN GIRL

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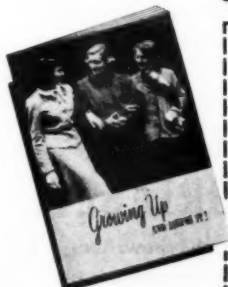
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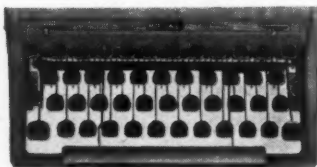


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Right—From the Start

(Continued from page 11)

getting everything straight. In time, however, you too will seem remarkable to some other newcomers, so don't worry. Find out what you are expected to do, and how, as quickly as you can; make notes of what you're told; and keep calm.

It's amazing how patient bosses are with those who try to do the right thing. One of our supervisors told me the other day that a girl we had hired was not a good worker.

"I can't understand it," I told him, "she's much smarter than Genevieve, who came the same day."

"I don't care how smart she is," Mr. Fox said. "She's late every morning; she does as little work as possible; and she has the sloppiest desk I ever saw! I'm afraid we'll have to let her go."

"Well, what about Genevieve?" I asked. "Genevieve is swell," he replied. "She may not be an Einstein, but she's a neat worker and tends to business. When she runs out of work, she comes right over and asks for more. She's at her desk five minutes before starting time in the morning, and the other day I had to tell her to go home. She forgot all about the time!"

Which proves that you don't have to be a genius with a superbrain. It's "what you do with what you've got."

When finally you have mastered your own work so thoroughly that you are practically error-proof, you will want to know how your job fits in with others in the company. There is one good way to find out: ask questions. When you're at work, pick an opportune moment (lunchtime preferred) to ask a coworker what she does. This will help you make a friend and will increase your knowledge, too. If you follow the same practice with several people (take it slowly) on different kinds of jobs, you will soon understand the whole organization better.

We had two file clerks, both of whom were just out of high school. About a week after they started, I saw them individually to talk over their jobs. Mary admitted she found the going very dull. She said she was doing alphabetical filing all day and felt she needn't have gone through high school to do that.

Then I queried Joan. She was enthusiastic, because she "enjoyed reading the material." Joan filed the same things Mary did, but she got a kick out of her work. She became familiar with the names of some of our customers and where they were located throughout the world; she learned the names of some of our suppliers and got to know something about our product. As a result, she was more useful on her job than Mary was.

Mary left our company shortly after this. Later, we received a request for a reference from another firm asking about her qualifications as a file clerk.

Joan was promoted eight months later to our sales department where the knowledge she had acquired was of immense value.

It seems that the answer to the old question, "What makes a job interesting?" is: "You make a job interesting."

A job is like a bank. You can't get anything out of it without first putting something into it. And your first job is the place to open your account. If you deposit your interest regularly, you'll never be bankrupt from boredom.

THE END



by CARL BOSLER

RECOMMENDED RECORDS

Popular

Symphony of Spring . . . Russ Case . . . MGM . . . Shimmering strings plus dashes of airy flute and rich-toned clarinet make this lazy-tempo interpretation of the spring season just right for a bit of dreamy dancing.

Songs by Billy Eckstein . . . MGM . . . If you're a fan of the famous "Mr. B"—and who isn't these days?—you'll find this first Eckstein album a "must." The six-side set contains a tempting array of such favorites as "Someone to Watch over Me," "You Go to My Head," and "Over the Rainbow." In addition to the album you'll want to check two new singles with which Billy augments his list of hits, "Sure Thing" and "Free."

Samba with Zig . . . The Wedding Samba . . . Ziggy Elman . . . MGM . . . Zig pulls all the stops on these sides, adding to the rapid shuffle of the samba beat an amusing hot piccolo solo, some torrid trumpet work, and a sparkling sax chorus. Both sides are strictly for dancing, but if you hope to keep up with the pace you'll need five minutes of fast exercise beforehand to get in trim.

My Foolish Heart . . . Mindy Carson . . . Victor . . . A refreshing song suggesting the mood of springtime and romance is this budding star's latest offering. Misty harmonies by chorus and orchestra provide a nice setting for Mindy's wistful singing.

Puddle Wump . . . Nice to Know You Care . . . Tommy Dorsey . . . Victor . . . The Dorsey men bowl a strike as the top-side romps along in the TD tradition, nicely sparked by fine trumpet and sax solos. The contrasting ballad on the reverse has Tommy and singer Johnny Amorose sharing the honors in a smooth interpretation.

Dance Band Series . . . Victor . . . This is a "designed-for-dancing" set of fifteen albums, each one recorded by a top band playing the music of one outstanding composer. Here are some of the best pairings of bandleaders and composers in the series: Tommy Dorsey and Cole Porter, Vaughn Monroe and Victor Herbert, Erskine Hawkins and W. C. Handy, Charlie Ventura and

Duke Ellington, Tex Beneke and Hoagy Carmichael, Ralph Flanagan and Richard Rodgers, Claude Thornhill and George Gershwin. Last, but never least, there's Spike Jones in "The Charleston" album.

Jazz

Museum of Modern Jazz . . . Hank D'Amico . . . MGM . . . There's variety aplenty in this big, eight-tune jazz package. You'll find a sextet and an orchestra headed by clarinetist D'Amico, the Buddy Weed Trio, and solos by such famous sidemen as Bobby Hackett, George Wettling, Arthur Rollini, and Vernon Brown. This brilliant crew turns out some first-rate jazz, but the Weed Trio steals the show.

Concert

The Well-Tempered Clavier, Preludes and Fugues Nos. 1 to 8, J. S. Bach, played by Wanda Landowska on the harpsichord. This album represents the initial release of a recorded work of forty-eight preludes and fugues. The harpsichord, like the piano, is a keyboard instrument, but unlike the piano, which uses hammers to strike the strings, the harpsichord has a mechanism which plucks the strings. Further, it has two keyboards and, like the organ, has various registers and devices for producing different tonal effects. All who revere Bach will welcome Miss Landowska's masterful performance. This is music of fine workmanship and beauty, music from which countless moods and colors emerge (Victor).

Lotte Lehmann Song Recital, with Paul Ulanowsky, pianist. Lotte Lehmann is an artist known and loved in almost every country of the world. Though she won great renown as an operatic star, audiences today find the artistry of her song recitals most unique and rewarding. In this selection of songs, Miss Lehmann sings the music of Richard Strauss, Reynaldo Hahn, and Emile Paladilhe (Victor).

THE END

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H. E. Codwise, Box 5, Melrose Highlands, Mass.

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JANE MILLER

Whose Typical
American Girl Is Our
May Cover Girl

Jane Miller was given a "mess of oil paints" when she was six years old, and that gift aroused her interest in painting. She studied at the Maryland Institute in Baltimore, and for a short time in Paris. While still in art school she sold her first work, a children's book which she wrote as well as illustrated. She has done cover, fashion, and story illustrations for national women's magazines; has written and illustrated advertisements for leading department stores.

Victorian illustrations are the kind of painting Miss Miller likes to do best. "I can't think of any piece of work I ever enjoyed doing more," she declares, "than illustrations for 'Life with

Mother' for The Ladies' Home Journal some time ago. I have also had a delightful time doing a dancing-class illustration recently—perhaps because my eight-year-old son is in the class."

Talking and talking some more is her hobby—on any topic, anywhere, any time. She likes practically all sports—golf, tennis, fishing, riding, skiing, skating. "But," she admits frankly, "that doesn't mean I'm good at them."

Miss Miller did not use a model for her Typical American Girl painting. The girl just came out of her head, she says. The painting portrays her own concept of a teen-ager who possesses the characteristics she feels are typical of the American girl.

Important Announcement!

AWARDS TO BE GIVEN FOR BEST LETTERS
ON TYPICAL AMERICAN GIRL PAINTINGS

WOULD you like to own a set of reproductions of the Typical American Girl Paintings by distinguished American artists? The American Girl Magazine is offering you a chance to win a set.

From time to time during the coming months, reproductions of these paintings will appear on the cover of THE AMERICAN GIRL. Jane Miller's is on the cover this month. When all the paintings have appeared, compare them carefully. Then write us a letter answering these questions: Which painting do you like best and why? Does your favorite painting represent your own idea of the typical American girl? If so, why? If not, why not?

IMPORTANT: Be sure to save your copies of the magazine which have the reproductions on the covers. You'll want the covers to study together so that you can decide on your favorite. And you'll need the photographs of the artists that appear in the same issues. To be eligible for an award, your letter must be accompanied by these photographs, clipped from the magazine. So be sure to save the photograph of Jane Miller on this page.

To the writers of the seven best letters, The American Girl Magazine will send a portfolio containing reproductions of all the original Typical American Girl Paintings, suitable for framing. In addition, an award of \$10 will be given to the writer of the winning letter. A \$5 award will be given for the second-best letter, and there will be five Honorable Mention awards of \$1 each.

RULES FOR THE CONTEST

1. Write a letter, not more than 500 words, answering these questions: Which of the Typical American Girl Paintings do you like the best and why? Does this painting represent your own idea of the typical American girl? If so, why? If not, why not?
2. Letters must be typewritten or neatly written in ink, on one side of the paper only.
3. In the upper right-hand corner of the page, type or print your name, address, and age.
4. Attach to your letter the photographs of the artists who did the paintings. An artist's photograph will appear in each issue when a painting is reproduced on the cover.
5. All letters submitted become the property of

The American Girl Magazine, and cannot be acknowledged or returned. Judging will be based mainly on the ideas expressed, and the decision of the judges is final.

6. Don't write your letter until all the paintings have appeared. Write one letter when you have seen and compared all the paintings.

7. The closing date of the contest, and instructions for addressing your letters, will be announced later in the magazine. Meanwhile be sure to save your copies of the magazine which have the Typical American Girl Paintings on the covers.

Remember that your letter will not be eligible for an award unless it is accompanied by the photographs of the artists, clipped from the magazines.

Jokes

SELF-PRESERVATION

MAN: Why are you running so fast, sonny?

SONNY: I'm trying to stop two fellows from fighting.

MAN: Who are they?

SONNY: John Jones and me!

Sent by NANCY BALLWEG, Cottonwood Falls, Kansas

MOTH-PROOF

ANGRY CUSTOMER: You told me this blanket was all wool, but it is plainly marked 'cotton'!

CLERK: Yes, we mark them that way to fool the moths.

Sent by ANN ZIMMERMAN, Springfield, Massachusetts

OF MICE, NOT MEN

CUSTOMER: When I bought this cat you said it was splendid for mice. Why, he won't even go near them.

CLERK: Well, isn't that splendid for the mice?

Sent by JANET COOK, Lancaster, Wisconsin

UNDERSTANDING

ENGLISH TEACHER: Jane, can you give us a sentence using 'notwithstanding'?

JANE: I wore out the seat of my jeans, but notwithstanding.

Sent by ROBIN SUE SLOAN, Whitefish, Montana

EXPANSION

CHEMISTRY TEACHER: When water freezes what is the greatest change that takes place?

STUDENT: The price.

Sent by JEAN DROIA, Omaha, Nebraska

SOUP-PRIZE

MR. SMITH: Waiter, I just found a collar button in my soup.

WAITER: Oh, thank you sir, I've been looking for it all day.

Sent by THERESA ANN EVANS, Cottonwood Falls, Kansas

WOOLY MILK

"I understand that scientists can now make wool out of milk."

"Must make the cows feel pretty sheepish."

Sent by JOANNE SMITH, Ringle, Wisconsin

NEWSPAPER BOMER

BLOODHOUND FOR SALE—What am I offered for one-year-old, beautiful animal, good watchdog? Will eat anything and especially fond of children.

Sent by SUSAN B. HALLOCK, Plandome, New York

FUR, FUR AWAY

TEACHER: Now, let us talk about the grizzly bear. Do we get fur from him?

BOY: I'd get as fur from him as possible, myself.

Sent by LAURENE BOEDEKER, Kermitt, Texas

ASSET

NEIGHBOR: They tell me your son is on the college football team. Do you know what position he plays?

PROUD MOTHER: I'm not sure, but I think he is one of the drawbacks.

Sent by SHIRLEY MARTIN, Dayton, Ohio

A KNOTTY PROBLEM

SAILOR: This boat makes fifteen knots an hour.

GIRL: Who unties them?

Sent by GLADYS LINDEER, Red Bank, N. J.

TAX FREE

GIRL: I'll take those two pictures.

CLERK: That will be two dollars plus four cents for tax.

GIRL: Oh, don't bother about the tacks. I don't intend to hang them up.

Sent by JUDY VAN, Wickliffe, Ohio

ERUPTIONS, ANYWAY

TEACHER: Sally, can you give the class a definition of a volcano?

SALLY: A volcano is a mountain with hicups.

Sent by JACQUELINE TAYLOR, West Englewood, New Jersey

AFTER YOU

JOHN: How was the horseback riding yesterday?

TOM: Not so good. The trouble was that my horse was too polite. When we came to a fence, he let me go over first.

Sent by JOSEPHINE TAFT, Jonestown, New York

The American Girl will pay \$1.00 for every joke printed on this page. Send your best jokes to THE AMERICAN GIRL, 155 East 44th St., New York 17, New York. Be sure to include your name, address, and age, and write in ink or on the typewriter.



"See! I told you if you brought your trombone, Dad'd let me go to the movies!"



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In Step with the Times



by LLOYD WELDON

A Republic of Junior Citizens

In the beautiful hills of Freeville, New York, there is a unique "republic" which this year is celebrating its fifty-fifth anniversary. Its constitution is modeled on that of the United States, but its citizens are all under voting age.

In 1895 William R. George, inspired by his success with underprivileged "Fresh Air" children, decided to found the George Junior Republic, where children could learn the principles of good citizenship—how to support themselves by their own efforts; how to get along with fellow citizens of all races and creeds; how to share in the obligations as well as the benefits of self-government.

Most of the citizens of this republic are boys and girls between the ages of thirteen and nineteen who have experienced unusual difficulty in adjusting themselves to home or community problems. They have come to the republic because it offers them better opportunities for development than do their home environments. Parents or guardians pay \$110 a month to cover the cost of living and tuition, but the boys and girls themselves pay for their laundry, recreations, "taxes," and other expenses with money earned by their own efforts. Boys work at farming, carpentry, and printing. Girls work at homemaking activities, as well as many kinds of clerical jobs. They are paid in the republic's own currency, bills and coins with the head of "Daddy" George on one side and the date and denomination on the other. Earnings may also come from school work, as marks are based upon actual achievement (for which the student is paid) plus effort and aptitude.

The government is made up of legislative, executive, and judicial branches; it levies taxes, prosecutes law breakers, and provides for the general welfare of its citizens. Elections are held annually on our national Election Day, and the campaigns often are colorful and exciting. Girls as well as boys hold office, and some even have been elected to the presidency!

"Daddy" George died in 1936, but every Founder's Day loyal alumni return to the republic to honor his memory. Among the alumni are the head of a boys' school, a distinguished judge, a clergyman, and a Pulitzer Prize winner in the field of journalism—outstanding examples of the George Junior Republic's finest product—good citizens.

Staff of Life

In a few weeks, now, summer will be "icumen in," and all over the country the cry will be, "Grab a couple of sandwiches

and meet me at the beach"; or "Bring home a couple of loaves of bread; the crowd's coming over tonight." But how many people will realize, as they pile up the snowy slices of bread, that to much of the world such bread would seem more like cake—would be a real luxury?

Although "white" bread is of comparatively recent origin, bread in some form has been a basic food of man for thousands of years. The oldest known loaf of bread, now in the British Museum, is a round, flat cake about the size of a pie, which was found in the bed of a dried-up lake in Switzerland, probably tossed into the water by a lake dweller ten thousand or so years ago. The Metropolitan Museum in New York City has among its treasures some bread taken from

Even in our own country, with its great wheat-producing areas, white flour has been used for breadmaking only in comparatively recent years. In the pioneer days most of the bread was made from rye and Indian corn, and even as late as 1854, "Miss Leslie's New Receipts," a cookbook published in Philadelphia, gave an entire chapter to breads made from Indian corn, but included only a handful of recipes which called for white flour.

The slice of fine white bread which today we take so much for granted really may be said to symbolize our whole democratic development, for we are enjoying a food which just a few hundred years ago belonged exclusively to royalty.

"Let It Rain, Let It Rain!"

New York City's acute water shortage has brought the city fathers advice from all over the world—some of it fantastic, much of it amusing. The city's problem of how to get the water so vital to the lives of its millions of citizens once again has focused attention on the efforts of scientists to understand and make use of the natural laws governing rainfall.

Since earliest times, men have been trying to find ways to make rain when Mother Nature holds out on them. One of the methods of the rain makers of old was to pour water down from the tops of trees to create showers, in the hope that nature would be encouraged to go and do likewise! Recently several experiments, based on careful observation of atmospheric conditions attending rainfall, have had some success. In one method, slightly reminiscent of the mock showers of the ancients, planes flying over clouds heavily laden with moisture have seeded them with pellets of dry ice, thus precipitating showers over a limited area.

Another method, simpler and less expensive, has been tried out in the Southwest. Silver iodide smoke is released from ground units which can be moved about easily on trailer trucks. Each dispensing unit is said to be capable of effecting precipitation over about 240 square miles. These two methods seem to be the most practical of the modern rain-making techniques.

As this issue of the magazine goes to press, New York City is awaiting the right moment to attempt the "seeding" method, and its experiment in weather control is being watched with keen interest by people everywhere. This is only natural, for rainfall is today, as it has always been, one of the most important natural factors in the "health, wealth, and happiness" of the world.

THE END

In the Merry Month of May

1. After whom was this month called?
2. What two plants sometimes are called May flowers?
3. After which of these plants was a famous ship named?
4. Can you name three May "days"?

ANSWERS

1. Maia, the ancient goddess of growth.
2. The hawthorn in England; the trailing arbutus in the United States.
3. The Pilgrims' ship, the Mayflower, was named for the hawthorn.
4. Memorial Day; Mother's Day; V-E Day; "I Am An American Day."

an Egyptian tomb, but that is a mere four thousand years old!

In ancient times the whole grain of wheat, rye, barley, or corn was used. Bread made from refined white flour similar to what we have today was first used in church ceremonies. In time the nobility were permitted to buy this bread, and later it was sold to wealthy commoners. In the Middle Ages the social standing of a family was indicated not only by the kind of bread served in the home but also by the age of the bread. Only the royal family ate fresh-baked bread. Lesser nobility ate day-old bread, and the wealthy commoners, or gentry, had to be content with bread two days old. Friars received it on the third day, and the peasantry were given it on the fourth day. All the bread was baked in the ovens of the manor house and was doled out, strictly in accordance with tradition, by the "lady," or "loaf-giver."



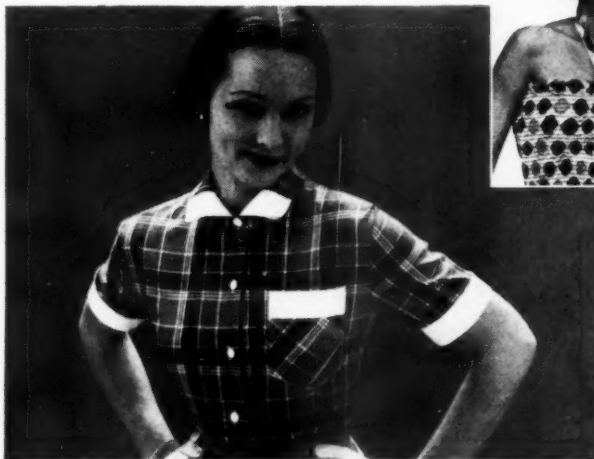
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